



THE LIBERTY "BOYS OF '76"

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

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THE LIBERTY BOYS' BUGLER OR, ROUSING THE MINUTE MEN

BY HARRY MOORE
AND OTHER STO



As the boy bugler dashed by, he cried to Dick who ran alongside: "We are rousing them, Captain!" "That's right," said Dick. "Keep up the good work, my boy." Then the bugle once more rang out sharp and clear.

Boys, Read the Radio Articles on pages 24 and 25

The Liberty Boys of '76

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CHAPTER I.—Billy Boutwell.

There was a boy sitting on the top of a rough rail fence playing on a rude wooden pipe, which looked as if he had made it himself, it was so clumsy. The region was near Rocky Mount in North Carolina and the time summer, the boy wearing rough homespun breeches and a cotton shirt, being bareheaded and barefooted and brown from exposure to all weathers. His whistle or fife was of hollow reed with a number of holes in it, so that he could play a rude sort of tune, and this was what he was doing when a number of rough looking boys came along the road. They stopped and listened for a few moments, and then one of them asked, with a snarl:

"What yer doin', Billy Boutwell?"

"Playing a tune, of course," the boy said, shortly. "Did you think I was hoeing corn?"

"Well, you want to stop playing that yer tune, I tell ye?"

"No, I don't, I want to keep it up till I can play good," and the boy went on playing the tune.

This was "Yankee, Doodle," at first played by the British bands in derision of the American patriots, whom they designated as Yankees, no matter where they lived, but later played by the despised "rebels" themselves, and becoming one of their national airs.

"I tell ye ter stop playin' that yer tune, Billy Boutwell!" snarled the leader of the rough looking boys, who was quite seventeen and big and strong, while Billy Boutwell was not fifteen, and of slight build and delicate, refined features.

"Your telling me don't make me stop, Pete Budger," the smaller boy replied. "I want to see what's the matter with the fife, and I'm going to play it till I find out."

The boys in the road were Tories, and Billy Boutwell's defiance of them set badly on their stomachs.

"Ye're givin' we uns a dare, be ye, Billy Boutwell?" demanded Pete. "We tell ye ter stop an' ye won't. Ye're darin' us, be ye?"

"You can call it what you like," was the quiet answer. "You have no more right to tell me that I mustn't play that tune than to say I shan't breathe."

"Come on, fellers, I ain't goin' to be dared like

that!" yelled the Tory boy. "Let's pound him. We kin do it!"

The six boys made a sudden rush toward the single boy on the fence, but as suddenly stopped, their faces white and drawn, as they heard the dreaded warning of a rattlesnake just beside the fence. For a moment they stood powerless and as if rooted to the spot, and then, as the rattle was heard again, suddenly fled in all directions. The boy sat on the fence, played a bar or two of the proscribed tune and then began to laugh.

"Scared at a rattler!" he laughed. "And you boys have been living among them all your lives. Are all you Tories like that?"

The Tory boys paused at some distance and looked at Billy Boutwell sitting on the fence.

"Ye're skeered ter git out," said Pete Budger.

"Am I?" laughed Billy, jumping down. "Well, I reckon not."

"Wull, the rattler's gone anyhow," with a sneer. "Ye wouldn't git down while he was 'round."

There had been no rattlesnake at all, Billy having imitated the sound made by one so well that the Tory boys were thoroughly deceived, but if there had been one he would not have been frightened, being a plucky boy and well able to take care of himself even against rattlesnakes. Billy Boutwell continued to play Yankee Doodle, and the Tory boys came back, determined to punish him for his obstinacy.

"Come down off'n that fence, ye pesky rebel, an' we'll lick ye," said Pete Budger.

"Ye're a blame rebel, an' we can't let ye stay yere," added Hank.

"Come on, all ter wunst, an' thrash him, boys," suggested Peleg Buttles. "We kin do it."

Then two boys on horseback appeared, both wearing the blue and buff of the Continental army, one riding a magnificent black Arabian and the other a sleek and speedy bay mare. The boy on the black had a sword and wore the uniform of a captain, the other carrying a musket over his shoulder and being a private.

"Git on both sides o' ther fence, Pete," said Hank, "an' then we uns kin git at him better. Come on, we gotter lick him."

Some of the boys went on one side of the fence and some the other, but at that moment the boy on the black, who had not been observed by the Tory boys, suddenly halted and said, sharply:

"What do you boys mean by attacking a solitary boy like that? You are the biggest cowards I ever saw. Six to one, and any one of you bigger than he is? You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!"

"Waal, he's a rebel," snarled Peleg Buttles.

"An' we don't 'low no rebels in this yer deestrict," muttered Hiram Cowing.

"Come on, Jack," said the young captain, who was Dick Slater, of the Liberty Boys. "We may have to take a hand in this affair, if these Tory bullies get too impudent."

"All right, Captain," replied Jack Warren, the boy on the bay mare, one of the dashiest of the plucky young patriots and a universal favorite.

The Tory boys evidently did not fancy the greater odds they were now called on to face and they began to back away, Hiram Cowing saying, with a snarl:

"What you uns got ter do with it? This yer's our quarrel, an' you uns hain't got no call ter interfere."

"We haven't?" said Jack. "Not when you attack a smaller boy six to one? We will see if we have not."

Then Jack Warren made a sudden dash, tripped up Pete Budger and sent him into the middle of a thorn bush, and then, seizing Hank Peterson by the collar, lifted him off his feet and dropped him into a dry ditch on the other side of the fence. Dick Slater merely stepped forward, and the rest of the Tory boys flew up the road as fast as they could go.

"Much obliged to you, Captain," said Billy Boutwell, when the Tory boys had scattered and not one was to be seen. "I could not have managed them all, but I would not be afraid of one or two of them."

"These were Tory boys, were they not?"

"Yes, and they were mad because I played Yankee Doodle."

"Can you play it?" with a smile.

"Yes, I made this fife and I was trying it. I shall have to fix it a bit before it works right."

"Let me hear you play it. If you made it yourself you have some ingenuity."

Billy Boutwell played on his fife, and Dick said, in a pleased tone:

"That is very good. Could you play a bugle if you had one?"

"Yes, my brother is a bugler and I have played, but I have none of my own, and so I thought I would make one."

"You have done very well. What was your particular reason for wanting to play the bugle?"

"So that I could be a bugler myself. Do you have a bugler in the Liberty Boys?"

"We have a number who could play, but no regular bugler."

"Would you take me in? I am big enough?"

"Yes, quite. Would you like to join the Liberty Boys?"

"Yes, Captain," eagerly. "May I?"

"You would have to get the consent of your parents," said Dick.

"I have no parents, Captain," sadly.

"But you have some one?"

"Yes, I have a brother. He is older than I am, six or seven years. Would he do?"

"I think so. Do you ride well, are you a good

shot, can you run, swim, and do all those things? You are in good health?"

"First rate, Captain. Yes, I can ride and shoot."

"What is your name?"

"Billy Boutwell, and I am fifteen years old. I work for the different farmers hereabout. Just now I am with a Tory, but one of those boys you drove away is his son, and maybe he'll be mad and won't want to let me work for him any more."

"Where is your brother?"

"He is over beyond Rocky Mount somewhere, waiting to join Sumter."

"Then we may see him," said Dick. "We are waiting for Sumter ourselves. Would you like to go to our camp and look around?"

"Yes, Captain, I would."

"Take him up behind you, Jack," said Dick.

Jack did so and off went the two Liberty Boys with the boy.

CHAPTER II.—The New Liberty Boy.

One Captain Houseman, commanding the British force at Rocky Point, and, fearing that the approach of Sumter would give the neighborhood patriots renewed courage and cause disaffection among the Tories, was now endeavoring to get all the neighbors to espouse the cause of the king and to declare against the "rebels." One aged patriot of the name of Joseph Gaston, who lived near the Catawba river, had a great influence over the rest, and Houseman had endeavored to win him over to the Royal cause but without success, the sturdy patriot refusing to have anything to do with it. Billy Boutwell rode behind Jack on his bay mare and the boys went on at a good gait, meeting no one for some time, the road being rough and unfrequented. At length, Dick heard some one coming toward them, and then saw a number of men in Continental uniforms approaching.

"There's brother Dan!" exclaimed Billy.

Dick and Jack drew rein as they came up with the others, and the young captain said to a man who he saw bore a considerable resemblance to Billy Boutwell:

"This is your brother, sir?"

"Yes, Captain. What are you doing, Billy? You are in pretty good company. Do you know that this is Captain Dick Slater of the Liberty Boys, young un?"

"Certainly, and I am going to join the Liberty Boys, that is, if you will let me."

"Billy spoke of it," added Dick, "and as you are his guardian, in a way, I told him he would have to ask you."

"Can you make use of him? He is a little fellow."

"We have some no bigger than he is, and if he is strong and in fair health and can ride and shoot, that will make no difference."

"Yes, he can do all those things, and he is a good patriot and thoroughly devoted to the cause."

"He wants to be a bugler."

"Yes, he has often said so. He can play the bugle quite well and would learn to do better in a short time."

"And you are willing that he should join the Liberty Boys?"

"Certainly, if he wants to join and you will take him. He has always wanted to do something for his country, and I think that with the Liberty Boys he would have a better chance than if he joined the army. In fact, they would hardly take him except as a drummer or something of that sort."

"There is no question but that I shall make use of him," Dick replied, "and if I find that he is all right, I shall be glad to have him."

"He is a good boy, willing and obedient, truthful, courageous, in good health and with no organic troubles."

"Then I don't think there will be any trouble, and I will take him along with me now and put him through an examination."

"Budger owes me nearly a month's pay, Dan," said Billy. "Pete and five other Tory boys tried to thrash me, but the captain came along and they ran away."

"I will see that you get your money, Billy, and now goodby, for I suppose the captain wants to get to the camp. Did you know that Captain Houseman is going to issue a proclamation, calling on all good citizens to declare their allegiance and come under royal protection?"

"I supposed he would do something of the sort," smiling, "but I had not heard definitely about it. We shall have to look into this matter."

Dick now rode on with Jack and Billy at a good rate toward the camp, the boy's brother going on with his companions. On the way they met a man who glared at them but said nothing, the boy saying when they had passed:

"That's another of the Tories. He didn't look pleasant, did he?"

"No, but black looks don't hurt any one, Billy," laughed Jack.

"That's the father of Hank Pridgeon. I reckon he's been hearing lies, the same as Budger."

"That's about all those fellows can tell, Billy," with a laugh.

They rode on, and at length came to the camp, where they were most heartily received by a considerable number of the boys. One, a handsome boy of Dick's age, who was Bob Estabrook, the first lieutenant, said, as they dismounted:

"Who is this you have, Dick?"

"That's our new bugler, Bob. He is Billy Boutwell, and he is going to be one of the Liberty Boys."

"I am glad to see you, Billy," said Bob.

"Then he must be all right," said a boy somewhat younger than the young captain, wearing the uniform of a second lieutenant. "Do you play the bugle, my boy?"

"Some," the boy replied.

"You are modest," laughed the young lieutenant, whose name was Mark Morrison. "I'd like to hear you."

"Bring your bugle, Carl, and let us hear the boy play it," said Ben Spurlock, one of the jolliest of all the boys.

"All righd, I was doed dot," and Carl went away, presently returning with a bugle, which he handed to Billy.

The boy took it, looked it over, and then began to play Yankee Doodle in a clear high key, setting all the boys to cheering in a moment.

"Go off and amuse yourselves, boys," said Dick. "Take Billy along."

They went to a creek not far away, and here they swam, ran races, rode, shot at marks, and did other things, evidently for sport alone, but really to test Billy's proficiency in them. Later the boys reported that Billy was fairly good at all of them, and that he was willing, even tempered and thoroughly fair minded, glad when he excelled in anything, but not at all anxious when others did better than he did. He was in good health, clean limbed, breathed well, stood straight and made the most of all his powers, which was a very good account to give of a boy.

"He was plucky, I knew," said Dick to Bob. "I saw that when I saw him face those six Tory boys and dare them to come on, and there was not one who was not bigger than he was."

"I don't see that we can do better than to take him, Dick," replied Bob, "and I think he will make a very good addition to the company."

"I think so myself, Bob, and we will make him the Liberty Boys' bugler and get him to rouse the patriots and cheer us on in a fight."

Billy having proved to be a satisfactory candidate he was sworn in, furnished with a horse, a uniform and a musket, and, what made him feel prouder than all the rest, a bugle, on which he speedily sounded all the different calls, greatly to the delight of the boys. Taking one or two of the boys with him, Dick started out again and rode off in the direction of the Fishing Creek to see what moves the enemy might be making. On his way he found that Houseman had been sending out handbills, calling on all the people of the district to come and take the oath of allegiance, and to meet in a certain old field on the morrow for that purpose. Dick saw one of these handbills on a post at a crossroads, and said to Harry Thurber, one of the boys with him:

"Pull that insulting thing down, Harry. I won't have it up."

Harry rode off to the guide post, pulled down the handbill, tore it to bits and scattered the pieces over the road. Just then a pompous looking man came along and said:

"Here, you young rebels, you mustn't do that! That's an insult to the king and the government."

"It is not, it is a warning to Captain Housemen that if he puts up any more such notices they will be treated the same way," Dick replied. "It is an insult to decent people to put up a thing like that."

"You will be prosecuted for that, you rebel!" snarlingly.

"And I will tear down every such notice that I see," replied Dick. "Come on, boys, it is a waste of words to talk to a man like this."

Farther on, the boys saw more of the handbills posted and tore them all down, scattering the fragments broadcast. They were riding on, when Dick heard angry voices and said:

"Wait a moment, boys. I must see what this is."

Going ahead cautiously for some little distance, Dick saw an old man standing in the door of a

house by the roadside and a man on horseback in British uniform addressing him angrily:

"I have tried to persuade you, Mr. Gaston, but now I tell you that if you do not cease your obstinate course, you and all the rebels hereabouts will receive no mercy."

"We didn't want any if we are cowards enough to forget our oaths, our ties of blood, our country, and turn traitors, fawning at the feet of the creature of tyrant king!" the old man replied. "You cannot make me do it, Captain Houseman, you cannot make any of us do it, and I care less than that for your threats!" and Mr. Gaston, for he it was, spat on the ground.

Captain Houseman rode away in anger, and then Dick signaled to the boys and they all rode up to the old patriot's door.

"Houseman has been here, Captain," Mr. Gaston said. "The Tories are to meet in the old field at Beckhamville to-morrow and take the oath of allegiance. We must rout the villains. Do you know my sons? Tell them to rouse the people and prevent this sinful act. You Liberty Boys must do what you can to prevent it also."

"That we will, sir," Dick replied. "Come, boys, it is not yet too late to do something to-day."

The boys rode on, saw more of the objectionable handbills and tore them down without ceremony. They told every one they met whom they knew to be patriots to resist Houseman in every way and render useless his attempts to rally the Tories and put down the patriots. Then they came upon two or three men circulating and posting the handbills, and at once Dick said:

"Get hold of these handbills, boys, and destroy them. We will show Houseman what we think of him."

The boys sprang from their horses and snatched away the handbills from two of the men. The third resisted, and a number of Tories joined him.

"Build a fire quick, boys," cried Dick.

Then, running up to the third man, he hurled the Tories rudely aside and snatched the bundle of handbills from him. Two of the boys had lighted sulphur matches, the only kind in use at the time, and Dick tore open the bundle of hand-bills.

"Set these on fire, boys," he said.

The handbills were soon in a blaze, and the other bundles were placed on top, and soon all were burning briskly. The boys made such a determined show that the Tories were afraid to attack them, and the men who had been circulating the handbills made off in haste for fear of being roughly handled.

"I'd like to get hold of more of these," muttered Dick, as he saw the handbills being rapidly destroyed, "but, at any rate, these will not be circulated, and we have done something to show this fellow Houseman what we think of him."

"And to-morrow we may have a chance to show him still more," laughed one of the boys, the rest giving a loud cheer.

CHAPTER III.—The Boy Bugler at Work.

Early the next morning Dick, and a number of the boys set out to arouse the minute men of the region and put down Houseman's attempt to

bring the district under royal rule. With the boys was Billy Boutwell, mounted on a fleet horse, and ready to do his duty to the cause of independence. He was in uniform but did not carry his musket, as that would be in the way on the errand he was about to do. He had his bugle, and, after they had gone a short distance, Dick said to him:

"Ride about, Bill, through the town and around the district and blow your loudest blast. Tell the people to rouse and put down Houseman, to go to the old field at Beckhamville and scatter the assembled Tories."

"All right, Captain!" cried the boy, and away he dashed, presently halting and blowing a terrific blast.

Dick rode ahead at full speed, presently passing the boy and saying, encouragingly:

"Keep it up, Billy. That's the way."

Dick rode on for some little distance, and then halted and dismounted.

"What's going on, Captain?" asked a man in a doorway.

"We are stirring up the people, rousing the minute men, and we are going to put down the Tories."

Along the street Dick saw men and boys running out as the stirring notes of the bugle greeted their ears, and the news quickly spread that something was being done for freedom. Billy stopped now and then to play a stirring tune and explain to the patriots what the Liberty Boys were doing, riding on again in a few moments. Dick watched him at a distance, and knew by the way the men were turning out that the boy was doing his work well. Men and boys crowded about Dick himself, questioning him excitedly.

"Go to the old field and scatter these Tories," said Dick.

Men who belonged to the militia came hurrying out in uniform, bidding a hasty farewell to their loved ones, and then joining the crowd, which was rapidly gathering to make its way to the old field. On came Billy, riding at full speed, and followed by a crowd of men and boys armed with rifles, muskets, shotguns and various other weapons.

"He is a brave boy," muttered Dick, as Billy went on, "and he is doing a good work."

As the boy bugler dashed by he cried to Dick, who ran alongside:

"We are arousing them, Captain!"

"That's right," said Dick. "Keep up the good work, my boy."

Then the bugle once more rang out sharp and clear. Dick rode back, met the boys and sent some of them back to bring up the whole troop in haste. The minute men were aroused, many having heard from Mr. Gaston that they were going to scatter the Tories at the old field, and now rallying bravely. The Tories and a number of redcoats had assembled near Beckhamville to listen to the reading of a proclamation and take the oath of allegiance, but by the time the proceedings were ready to begin, a great number of patriots came running into the field from both sides and attacked the redcoats and others. Then the Liberty Boys came dashing in, the boy bugler sounding the call to arms. The redcoats took to flight at the first sign of trouble, leaving the

Tories to take care of themselves and fled to Rocky Mount. The Tories scattered in all directions, and the attempt of Houseman to bring the patriots under royal rule was a failure. Angered at this defiance of his authority and attributing it to the efforts of the aged patriot, Captain Houseman sent a detachment of redcoats to Mr. Gaston's house to arrest him, but the sturdy old hero was not to be found. The soldiers went away without him, but plundered the house of everything and carried off the stock of the plantation. Dick heard of this and said to the boys:

"We have aroused the minute men and now we must punish Houseman for this lawless act. If he thinks by such measures to secure peace, he is greatly mistaken and he will find it out before long."

Sumter was rumored to be approaching, and the men of the region were gathering to meet him, Houseman greatly fearing the result to himself when the gallant partisan leader should arrive in the neighborhood. Something must be done to stem the rising tide of patriotism, and he looked about him eagerly to determine what steps had best be taken. Meanwhile the Liberty Boys were ready to do all they could to make trouble for him and for all enemies of the country. Their boy bugler was already a great favorite, and they all declared that he was sure to make them still prouder of him by some deed of valor. It was after the defeat of Houseman's attempt to bring all the region under kingly rule, and Dick and a number of the boys were riding along late in the day not very far from Rocky Mount, where the redcoats were entrenched. With Dick were Mark Morrison, Jack Warren, Billy Boutwell the bugler and a half a dozen more. As there was such a small party of the boys, it was well to be cautious, and they were all on the alert as they rode on, keeping their eyes and ears open and ready for anything suspicious. They were going on cautiously, knowing that they were not far from the encampment of the redcoats, when they heard a shrill scream and then the sound of blows.

"Hallo! there is trouble ahead," cried Dick. "Let us see what it is, boys," dashing ahead.

Mark, Jack and the boy bugler were close behind him as he swept around a turn in the road and beheld a young girl struggling in the grasp of two redcoats, while two more held a white-haired old man, whom another was beating with a whip. At once Billy Boutwell blew a tremendous blast on his bugle, and Ben, Sam, Harry Judson and Harry Thurber came riding up at a gallop. The redcoats, seeing the boys coming on in haste and hearing the sound of the bugle, thought that there was a large force of the Liberty Boys, and at once took to their heels, releasing the girl and the old man. There was a little log cabin close to the road and a well a little to one side of it, the girl and the old man evidently living in the cabin.

"After them, boys!" shouted Dick. "Catch them if you can!"

Billy blew a blast, and the boys gave chase to the redcoats, Dick remaining behind to see after the girl and the old man, both of whom were in an extremely nervous and excited state. The redcoats had thrown the old man to the

ground, and Dick now raised him and helped him as far as the cabin, where he sat on a bench beside the door.

"The ruffians wanted our money," said the trembling girl, "and were beating grandfather to make him tell them where it was. They had searched the cabin but could not find it."

"I expect this of Bill Cunningham and his gang," said Dick angrily, "but not of British soldiers. They are supposed to have more consideration for the rights of others."

"I am afraid they have killed him," said the girl. "Poor old man, it was cruel to do a thing like that to him!"

"It was inhuman!" sputtered Dick, in righteous indignation, "and if the boys catch any of the miscreants, they shall be treated the same way to show them how it feels."

The old man was trembling violently and trying to say something, and Dick said to him, kindly:

"Calm yourself, sir. The wretches are gone, and we will see that they do not return. Did they get your money?"

"No, it is safe, I put it—" and then the old man stopped. "I put it— Where did I put it, Mercy?"

"I don't know, grandfather, I did not see you hide it, but never mind, so long as it is safe. You will remember some time."

"Yes, it is safe, for I put it—" and the old man passed his hand across his head as if trying to think.

"Never mind, sir," said Dick. "You will think of it later, and, as long as it is safe, it does not matter now."

Dick and the girl, whose name was Mercy Darrow, got the old man into the cabin between them and put him in an arm chair in the living room, making him as comfortable as possible.

"Have you any spirits or cordial to give him?" asked Dick. "I think it will be good for him."

"We have some elderberry wine," the girl said.

"That will do. He needs something of that sort. Keep somewhere not so near to the enemy's fort. They might return when you are alone. Was there much money?"

"No, not very much. There was some jewelry and an old watch, besides I don't know how the redcoats knew about it. They must be hard pushed to want to rob an old man and to beat him as well."

Mercy gave her grandfather something to stimulate him, and in a short time he was much better, but was unable to remember where he had put the box containing their little treasure.

"Never mind," said Dick, aside to the girl. "Do not worry him about it. When he is asleep you can look for it, and then he may remember where he put it himself."

Just then the boys returned, Mark saying with a laugh:

"We did not catch the rascals, but we drove them right into the works at Rocky Mount, and where there was great excitement, Houseman thinking that the place was going to be assailed and sounding the call to arms."

"It may be attacked sooner than he thinks," muttered Dick. "You did not catch the fellows, then?"

"No, they got away from us, and of course we could not go into the fort after them."

"I would like to have had you catch them so that we could give the rascals a sound thrashing and teach them a lesson to be remembered."

"Yes, it is a pity that we could not," returned Jack, "for it would have served them just right to give them a good beating. Men who would do as they did could understand nothing else."

"You should have seen Billy," laughed Ben Spurlock, the boy bugler being out of hearing. "When we halted after driving those miscreants into the fort, he stood in his stirrups and blew a blast such as the walls of Jericho might have fallen under. Then there was a running and scurrying, and I verily believe the redcoats thought that we fellows were going to storm the place."

Dick laughed and answered:

"He is a plucky boy, and I could easily understand his doing just such a thing as was that."

Dick set Jack Warren and the two Harrys watching the road, and said to Mercy Darrow:

"I think you had better take your grandfather somewhere else before the redcoats return. They will not come out again in a hurry, it is not likely, as they think there is a large force of the 'Liberty Boys' about, but they will do so later, no doubt."

"I don't know where we can go just now," the girl replied. "All our friends live a long way from here, and grandfather is feeble and could not stand the journey."

"We will keep watch about the place then," Dick answered, "and if these redcoats venture to annoy you again, they will catch it."

While Dick was talking to Mercy, a man and his wife came along in a cart from the direction of the fort, the woman saying, as they drew rein:

"There are too many redcoats and Tories and other rubbish about, my child, and I think that you and your grandfather had better come and stay with us as long as that ruffian Houseman is at Rocky Mount."

"I was saying something of the same sort to Mercy Darrow just now, ma'am," said Dick, "and if you can persuade her to go with you, I think it will be the best thing that happened. Some redcoats just now attacked the cabin and beat the old man, and I think that the best thing for them to do is to leave and stay away as long as the redcoats are in the neighborhood."

The kind-hearted neighbor lived a mile or two away, so that the old man would not be fatigued by the journey, and it was decided that they should leave that evening, Dick being greatly pleased that such an arrangement could be made, and offering to leave a number of boys to keep watch until they went away.

CHAPTER IV.—Dispersing the Tories.

After the girl and her grandfather had left the cabin, Dick and some of the boys searched it thoroughly for the missing box, but without finding it anywhere about. The old man tried to remember two or three times where he had put it but was unable to do so, and finally Mercy had

begged him not to think any more about it, as it always seemed to worry him when he did.

"The old man is feeble, and this trying to think may make him more so. He received a terrible shock this afternoon, and it is a wonder he did not die at that time. It is a pity we could not have caught some of the ruffians and given them a thrashing."

The boys searched through the cabin, but found no trace of the box containing the old man's property, and at last Dick said:

"There may be some secret hiding-place here, but I have been unable to find it. More than likely the old man will remember where he put the box when he gets over this shock, and will tell us where he put it."

"If we cannot find it, there is very little chance of any prowlers about the place doing so," observed Harry Thurber.

At last, giving up all idea of finding the hidden box, Dick put out the lights, secured the doors and went away with the boys, satisfied that if they could not find the treasure no one else could. They did not meet any enemies on the way, and reached the camp without anything out of the way happening. There were no alarms during the night, and all was quiet till daybreak, when the camp began to stir again and the boys got to work. Dick, Bob and a goodly party of the Liberty Boys set out shortly after breakfast to reconnoiter and see if Houseman was making any new move against the patriots. On their way they stopped at the house where Mercy and her grandfather were staying to see how the old gentleman was, and to ask if he had remembered where he had put the box. They found him suffering from a blow on the head, which they had not before known of and which made him flighty at times. They had learned nothing, Mercy said, and they had stopped saying anything about the affair for fear it would only make him worse. While the boys were at the house, a neighbor living at some little distance rode up and said:

"Houseman has been sending marauding Tories to get all the other Tories together and try to put down the patriots, rebels, he calls us, and there's some of 'em making for Mobley's meeting-house up in Fairfield district. I reckon it might be a good idea for you boys to go up there and see what you kin do with these skunks."

"We might get help, at all events," said Dick. "There are Minute Men in that part, and it will take very little to arouse them."

Billy Boutwell was with the boys, and he looked greatly interested as he heard Dick say this. Dick sent some of the boys back to bring up the greater part of those in camp, and then he went on at the head of his party with Bob at his side. The boys rode on at fair speed, so as to give the others a chance to catch up with them, and at length halted, being not far from the place mentioned by the man they had met. Dick went ahead with a number of the boys and at last came in sight of the meeting-house and saw a considerable number of men gathered there. Advancing cautiously, keeping out of sight at the edge of the road, and yet managing to get near enough to a group of men to hear what they were saying, Dick soon heard enough to know that the men were Tories, and that they were

trying to band all the Loyalists together, and either drive out the Whigs or make them take the oath.

"There are a lot of those fellows," he thought. "I shall have to wait till the rest of the boys come up."

Then he went back to the boys and said:

"There is a crowd around the meeting-house. Houseman's men are talking to them and trying to stir them up against the patriots. I saw some weak-minded Whigs there, who are likely to be won over unless something is done."

"I suppose there are some Tories there also who would turn to our side if they thought it was the stronger," observed Ben.

"Yes, no doubt. You will always find a certain number of men who wait to see which way the tide will turn," smiling.

"I don't think much of a patriot of that sort, and I wouldn't want to have that sort of a Tory join us. You will never know when they were going to turn again."

"Very true, you would not. I like to see a man who knows his own mind and who does not have to take his views from others."

The boys went back to the main body and waited till the others came up, which was not long.

"We met a detachment of a force under Captains Bratton and McClure on a side road," said Mark, who led the newcomers, "and they will come on in haste, knowing that there is a chance for an engagement."

"Very good," said Dick. "We will wait for them."

"They could take another road," added Mark, "and perhaps they will do so. We told them we thought that the Tories were gathering at the meeting-house, and they hurried back to get the rest, and they may take the other road."

"Then we will go on this way," Dick replied, "and maybe we will reach the place about the same time."

Then the boys went on at good speed, determined to rout the Tories if they had to do it alone.

CHAPTER V.—Billy to the Rescue.

Dick, Bob, Mark and a strong force of the Liberty Boys rode on at a gallop until they reached the meeting-house. Here they found a lot of Tories gathered, with a number of armed marauders, urging them to join and drive out the rebels. Two or three men were speaking excitedly to the crowd at various points, and had worked them into a frenzy so that they were ready even then to match against the patriots.

"Sound your bugle, Billy," cried Dick. "Charge Liberty Boys, and disperse these ruffians."

The young bugler blew a shrill and clear call, and the gallant boys, hearing it, gave a hearty cheer and charged impetuously.

"Don't fire upon the unarmed men," said Dick, "but disperse them. If these others fire upon you, return their volley with interest."

The Tories began to scatter in all directions, and suddenly the heavy tramp of men and of horses was heard, and then the Minute Men, under McClure and Bratton, appeared and charged

the armed men. These attempted to make a stand and fired a volley. At once the Liberty Boys charged upon them, firing a pistol volley, which sent them flying. This way and that ran the Tories, and in a few minutes the vicinity of the meeting-house was clear of them. The minute Men had a distinguishing uniform as well as the Liberty Boys, and there was no danger of these bodies firing upon each other. The men sent by Houseman to stir up the Loyalists and win over the weakminded Whigs fled in great haste, the Tories quickly dispersing when they saw that there was no one to stand by them. No man who was unarmed was fired upon, and a number came forward and said, through a leader:

"We were not training with these fellows, but there was a crowd and we came to see what it was all about. We are good Whigs, and we don't have anything to do with the Tories."

"Well, you were not in very good company," said one of the captains, "but perhaps you could not help that, and as long as you did not go off in their company it is all right."

"I'll wager that if it had gone the other way you would have seen two-thirds of those men on the other side," muttered Bob.

"Or some of them, at all events, Dick returned. They knew what the gathering was about, and there was no reason for their staying if they were good patriots."

"They are milk and water patriots, in my opinion," Bob muttered, "and hardly worth counting. Still, a show of numbers is a good thing sometimes, and the more men we can gather, even if some are of the wavering kind, the better. It scares the others to see a big crowd opposed to them, at any rate."

"This affair will not increase Houseman's regard for us," laughed Mark, "and it is likely that he will take desperate means to strengthen his position."

"Yes, he is that sort of man," replied Dick, "and we must watch him. His measures are not likely to be the most honorable ones, and we must be on the lookout for rascality of all sorts."

The Tories were scattered far and wide, and the Minute Men encamped on the ground which their foes had intended to be their starting point for a general raid upon the patriots. The Liberty Boys were to remain in the neighborhood a short time, and then return to the vicinity of Rocky Mount to watch Houseman and the Tories and see that neither committed any acts of treachery against the patriots. The boys made a temporary camp half a mile from the meeting-house, and after a time Dick set out to look around him, a part of the boys going off in different directions for the same purpose. Neither the British nor the patriots could depend on the inhabitants of the district, for their political principles were not of the fixed character, all considering it safer to be on the winning side, hence it behooved each side to make as much show as possible, so as to keep the natives from joining the opposite side. Dick and the boys had to work carefully, it being Dick's desire to win the wavering ones to their side, although he agreed with Bob that such additions were no great acquisition to the cause, but it might keep them neutral, in any event. Dick's intention was to ride around and

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visit the different cabins in the vicinity and see for himself how the sentiment was, but there being so many known Tories around, as well as many of Captain Houseman's men, he rode cautiously so as not to be surprised. He had given the boys certain districts to cover, reserving the most scattered one for himself, as he made it a point to do the most difficult work.

He had ridden to quite a number of the cabins, and often the men being away, he would question the women, and would learn much more from them than he would probably have done from their husbands, fathers and brothers. At length, however, his suspicions were aroused that there should be so few men about in the fields, and he adroitly tried to find out where the men were, but the women were noncommunicative.

"They are afraid of my uniform," thought Dick. "I believe the men are off at some sort of a gathering, and I mean to find out where it is."

He did not stop at any more of the houses, but rode on, keeping his eyes wide open for signs. After a while he overtook another, and then he suspected that these men were belated perhaps, and were on their way to the meeting-place. They were going in an opposite direction from the meeting-house where they had just had an experience, but no doubt there was another place of gathering in the neighborhood, and if so, Dick meant to find out where it was, and if any one were there. He fell back a little and allowed both men to get ahead of him, but kept them in sight, although they did not see him, nor know that he was following.

"I wish I had some of the boys with me," said Jack to himself, "and we might alter the result of the meeting. They are probably Tories, for if they had been patriots the women would not have been so mum as to the whereabouts of the men."

He did not have very far to ride, and as he had conjectured, there was a meeting held in the school-house, and was much more largely attended than had been the one in the meeting-house, that they had dispersed that morning. The room was pretty well filled, and a man was on the slightly raised platform at one end of the room haranguing the crowd.

"Are you going to desert the mother-country and your king?" demanded the speaker. "Nourished by her blood, aided by her money, dependent on her to buy your tobacco, are you going to rise and strike down the hand that has always befriended you? Are you going to fight your king, who stands in the relation of a father to you, who looks out for his people as if they were his own children? What do you expect, if you turn on the hand that feeds you? Will these ragged rebels, who deride their king, revile the land that gave their ancestors birth, do as much for you? Men, I call on you to rise in your might, and to protect your homes from these rebels, who, if they should succeed in throwing off parental authority, will next rob you of your homes and crops!"

Cheers greeted this oratorical effort, and the crowd shouted:

"More! More!"

Then Dick sprang in among them, his face flushed with ardor, his eyes blazing with indignation, and his voice trembling with excitement that

gave it a richer note, from the very effort he made to control it and to speak without anger.

"Men and brothers!" he called. "You have listened to this man; now listen to me. Why did our mother-country send our fathers and mothers here? Because it was thought that larger opportunities awaited the venturesome, or because, perhaps, she did not have sufficient wherewithal to feed her children at home. Have we not all been dutiful children, so dutiful that she has forgotten that children in time grow to be men and demand to be treated like men, and not like babes still in swaddling clothes! Have we no right to be heard in the management of our own affairs? Must we submit to taxation without the right to protest, must our business be conducted by men three thousand miles away, and we to stand by and submit to their dictation?"

There were cries all over the room of "Put him out!" "Down with the rebel!" "Don't listen to his treason!"

These cries were mingled with:

"Go on!"

"That's the talk!"

"Let the boy alone!"

Then, from all over the room, sounded altercations, which presently extended to blows, and Tory and Whig continued to argue the question with both lungs and fists. Some of the Tories quickly surrounded Dick and tried to throw him out of the building, while some of the patriots endeavored in vain to rescue him.

"Don't let him go!" shouted a voice, and Dick recognized it as the man whom he had followed in the speaking contest. "Hold the rebel, and don't let him give any more of his seditious speeches!"

Dick was trying to escape from his captors, but struggle as he would, it was no use, for more would come to the help of those who held him. The fight meanwhile continued on the floor, chairs were overturned, men were shouting and stamping about, and the confusion was deafening, but the Tories were getting the best of it, for they outnumbered the Whigs two to one. Meanwhile Dick was being dragged to the door of the school-house, from where Major could be seen quietly cropping the grass by the roadside while awaiting the reappearance of his master. Struggling men were crowding about the door, for now it had become a hand-to-hand fight, and Dick was calling on the patriots to help him get away from his captors, but there were so many of them that his friends could get nowhere near him. Dick's hand had been seized from behind so that he could not get to his pistols, and he was powerless to help himself. His situation was desperate, for he did not know what the men might do to him if they succeeded in getting him away altogether. Just then, however, he heard a bugle playing "Yankee Doodle" in a most spirited manner, and he remembered that he had encroached on Billy's district while following the two men to the meeting in the school-house. He continued to struggle in order to keep up appearance, but he was sure that with Billy's help he would be able to get away.

Nearer and nearer came the sound of the bugle, and soon the others began to hear also. The Tories looked a little startled as well as sur-

prised, while the Whigs tried all the harder to get to the door in order to bring help, if such were near at hand. The clatter of hoofs could be heard, but still the confusion was such, owing to the shouts of those who were still in the back of the room, that nothing could be heard distinctly but those high, shrill tones of the bugle tooting away zealously at "Yankee Doodle." Then suddenly there was a halt all over the room in the fisticuffing, for above all their din sounded, loud and clear, the call to arms. Those of the Tories who had heard the strains of "Yankee Doodle," at the clarion call of the bugle, thought the enemy was upon them, and dropped their hold on Dick, leaping through windows and struggling to be among the first to get out of the door. By this time Billy was in sight, and the frightened Tories thought they saw a company wearing the same uniform as he at his back.

"Hurrah for the Liberty Boys!" shouted Dick, and the cry was taken up by every patriot or near patriot in the room, while the Tories made a dash for the nearest exit.

CHAPTER VI.—Billy Again Helps.

When the Whigs found that the Tories had been routed by a single bugler boy, they could hardly believe the fact, and insisted that Billy play again, which he did to their satisfaction as well as his own. Then Dick spoke again to those of the crowd who had remained, telling them to be true to the cause of independence, which would win out, no matter what the odds against them were, for the men were fighting for their homes and for freedom, while the enemy were fighting for pay, and not so big pay at that.

"It will be impossible for the king to send over those three thousand miles of water a sufficient number of men to whip us, they won't have ships enough to bring them over, nor time to build them. If we all work together, it will end in a victory for us, and we will have a government of our own, without any British parliament to say what we shall buy or pay, or what we shall not do. And the more of us that hang together, the quicker we shall see the end of the struggle."

The men were much impressed by Dick's plain and unaffected talk, and all promised to do what he could for the cause of independence, some saying they would become Minute Men, and be ready at any minute to leave home, family, and work at the call to arms, and others promising to do all they could in other ways. Then Dick, accompanied by Billy, set out again, and they had not gone far, when Dick said:

"I think I will ride around and see what the other boys are doing. Bob's district lies next to ours, and we will follow in his tracks first. It is just possible he may need us."

Dick did not stop at any more cabins, nor to talk to any men in the fields whom he saw, but kept straight ahead for a mile or two. They met some Tory boys on the way, those whom they had seen hanging around the meeting-house that morning, and the boys called out to them in an insulting manner:

"Hi, rebels! Just wait till our folks get hold

of you uns, as they have of some other rebels!" They took good care to keep out of harm's way, and Dick, speaking to Major, galloped on, Billy by his side, leaving the ill-mannered boys far behind.

"I wonder what they meant by getting some of the other rebels, Billy," said Dick, suddenly. "It is possible that some of the boys have met some redcoats and got into trouble. If so, we must help them out."

"What are you going to do, captain?" asked Billy.

"Follow in the tracks of every one of the boys I sent out until all are safe back to camp," was the reply.

"That may be a large order, captain," replied Billy, a little anxiously.

"Not too large for me to fill," Dick answered, with decision.

They passed men in small groups, talking animatedly, who looked at the two boys as they rode by with no friendly expression, and Dick knew that they were Tories, and would do them all the ill they could. Once when they were approaching a larger number than they had seen in any one group, the men crowded in the road so as to intercept the two boys, but they gave their horses the word, and both dashed onward with such impetuosity, that the men spread to the right and left in a hurry, and just escaped being ridden down. The men shook their fists at the boys' backs, and addressed them in no flattering terms, and called down all sorts of calamities on their heads.

"I am growing more and more anxious about the lieutenant, Billy," said Dick. "I am afraid I sent him into the most dangerous part of the neighborhood."

"Oh, I think he will be able to look out for himself, captain," was Billy's confident reply.

"He usually is able to take care of himself, Billy, but somehow I feel anxious."

At that moment Dick's quick ear heard the sound of a small body of horse approaching, and he at once drew to one side of the road, while he looked out for himself. Presently a small mounted company of redcoats came galloping past, evidently not suspecting that two of the enemy were so near at hand. A little further on they saw a boy walking alone, driving a cow before him. Dick hailed him and asked if there had been many soldiers passing that morning.

"A right smart sum," was the reply.

"More than just passed a moment or two ago?"

"Oh, yes, twice as many, and they had a boy wearing the same kind of uniform as yours," indicating Dick's. "I guess they caught him a bit back. Ain't you afraid they'll get you uns, too?" asked the boy.

"How long ago was that?" asked Dick, eagerly, for his worst fears were confirmed, for he was sure that it was Bob to whom the boy was referring.

"'Bout an hour or so. They must have got some distance away by now, so you uns needn't be scared now," was the reply, in an attempt to be reassuring.

"Thank you, my boy, but I think we can take care of ourselves."

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"You uns needn't be too sure, 'cause the other one couldn't."

Dick did not wait to hear any more, but galloped on, Billy coming after as close as he could, but was soon dropped behind. Then Dick stopped and waited for him to come up to him, saying:

"Billy, you go as quickly as you can for the boys and bring them up as soon as possible, and I will follow after the enemy."

While Dick had been speaking his horse had been standing under a tree, and Dick reached up and pulled down a branch, stripping it of its leaves.

"I will drop these all the way along, and by following my trail you will reach me some time or other, but make it as short as you possibly can."

"Yes, captain," and Billy was off in the opposite direction.

Dick continued on and was soon able to see that a body of horse had passed recently over the road, but how many he could not tell, for the road was quite badly cut up, but that might have been done by others who had passed over previously. He rode swiftly, but cautiously, for so long as he was not caught between two bodies of the enemy he was safe, as Major could outrun anything in the way of horse-flesh in that part of the country. He was at the top of a hill, to where he had ridden through the woods to find if he could see the surrounding country. There was a clearing on one side, but there he could distinguish nothing but the ordinary sights of a farming country. On the other side, however, where the woods were the thickest, he thought he caught a gleam of something bright that the sun was playing on. It might be a brook or a little stream, but as he knew the country somewhat, and did not remember seeing any water in that direction, and felt pretty sure that the gleam came from the flash of steel.

He rode down toward the place, Major picking his way daintily and quietly until near the spot, and then dismounting, advanced on foot. There were more than a score of redcoats concealed in the woods, and Dick had no doubt it was in that way that Bob had been caught, for he felt confident the young lieutenant was with them, although he had not seen him. He skirted around the soldiers, who seemed to be in command of a young second lieutenant, who, from his impatient manner of conducting himself, was evidently awaiting something that did not appear. At length, he saw a figure in blue and buff sitting under a tree a little distance off, although guarded by two soldiers, one on each side, but about ten feet off. He crept around to the back, Indian fashion, and three times repeated the call of a whippoorwill. Bob did not move even his eyes, but in a second the call came back to Dick the same as he had given it.

"Bob knows help is at hand, at any rate," thought Dick, "but now the thing is to get him away."

Bob was not bound, and was allowed a certain freedom, so presently he arose to his feet, stretched himself, and began pacing up and down. They had disarmed Bob, and he was wondering if he could not master one of the sentries with a heavy stick if he could find one, when he caught

sight of Dick, who made a significant gesture, pointing to a certain tree. Bob extended his walk toward the tree, the sentries making no objection, but keeping him within just such a distance. When one sentry's back was turned, and the other one was at his farthest point, something fell from a particular tree with a soft thud into the leavy mould. No one noticed the slight motion or sound, or if it was observed was thought to be of no consequence, except Bob, who understood, and the next time he reached the tree, threw himself down, and leaned his back against the trunk, as if dejected, at the same time carefully putting out his hand and secured the pistol that Dick had dropped from the thick branches of the tree overhead.

Bob concealed the pistol, and then waited his chance to outwit the sentries, but they were faithful to their duty, and gave him not the slightest opportunity to get away, for should he disable one, the other would be only a few feet off, with a musket at his shoulder, and the time was not come for him to take such a desperate risk. Both boys waited, Dick just outside the limits and Bob just inside, but neither able to act. Then there was suddenly seen a greater animation among the soldiers, and the second lieutenant seemed to be eagerly expecting something, for he was out into the road and scanning it as far as he could see. Dick could hear the tramping of horses, and feared that the reinforcements that the redcoats were evidently expecting would arrive before Bob could succeed in slipping away, or before Billy could possibly be back with some of the Liberty Boys.

Nearer came the trotting horses, and the soldiers were called to attention, while Bob found himself close between the two soldiers who were detailed to guard him. Dick was powerless to help Bob, and he himself was obliged to keep out of sight, for it would not help his comrade any if he were also taken a prisoner. The moment was a strained one to Dick, and then suddenly he heard the high, shrill notes of a bugle, and could just distinguish the strains of "Yankee Doodle." In a moment he was on Major's back, and racing toward the advancing troops.

"Billy must have met the boys, for he never could have got them here so soon, if he had not."

But just then he saw that they did not wear the uniform of the Liberty Boys, but were a number of Minute Men, whom Billy must have met and brought to his captain's aid. Dick sent Billy ahead with the Minute Men, asking them to make a vigorous assault on the redcoats in front while he got Bob off from the rear. Obeying Dick, Billy did not continue the tune of "Yankee Doodle," but just as they were near enough for the British lieutenant to distinguish the uniform of the Minute Men, Billy gave a terrific blast on his bugle, the men rushed forward, and before the redcoats had time to realize the enemy was about, they were attacked.

Dick by this time had got back to Bob, and the two of them overpowered Bob's guard, the attention of the others being so engaged that they did not see their comrades' plight. Bob got up on Major behind Dick, and then joined in the fighting, at least what there was of it, for as soon as the redcoats saw that they were largely out-

numbered they took to the woods, where the horses could not follow, and were soon out of sight. Dick thanked both Billy and the Minute Men for their timely appearance, and then rode back to camp, Billy telling them on the way how he had chanced to meet the body of Minute Men, and had enlisted them in his young captain's service. Dinner-time was passed when they reached camp, but Patsy had something ready for them in a few moments, and Billy was the hero of the hour, when Dick told him how he had twice come to his aid while he had been absent from camp. Billy took his honors modestly, but was none the less proud at the hearty recommendation of his captain and comrades.

CHAPTER VII.—The Adventures of An Evening.

The Liberty Boys returned to their old camp in the neighborhood of Rocky Mount late in the afternoon, Billy Boutwell being well received by those who had remained behind when they heard how he had helped Dick, their praises making the boy bugler feel very proud, although he was very modest about it. When it was about dusk Dick left the camp on Major and rode off in the direction of the cabin where Mercy Darrow lived. Nearing the cabin, he heard voices in that direction, and leaving his Arabian in the bushes alongside the road, he went forward cautiously, listening and keeping his eyes open at the same time. Peering through the bushes at the edge of the clearing where the cabin stood, there being a young moon three or four days old, Dick saw three men in front of the cabin trying to force an entrance. One of these men was Budger, as Dick knew by his voice, the man presently saying, with a surly growl:

"Them redcoats what we told about the money wanted it for themselves, and they didn't get it, and now we'll have it."

"Sarve 'em right, the skunks!" muttered another. "They wouldn't wait until we uns could come with 'em, but had to go after it ahead on us a' they didn't git it."

"Wall, the young rebels left it here when they took the gal an' the old man away, 'cause I watched 'em an' didn't see 'em have nothin', so it must be yer yet."

"Whyn't they leave the cabin so's anybody could get in, like everybody does?" snared Budger. "Folks is too blame suspicious."

Dick restrained a desire to laugh and crept around a bit to one side where he could have a better view of the men and better hear what they were saying.

"Try the winder, Bill," suggested the third man, who had not before spoken. "It ain't very big, but nuther am I, an' ye kin put me through it an' I'll look fur the box."

"Yus, an' take some o' the stuff out an' hide it in yer pocket," growled Budger.

"Huh! who's suspicious now, I'd like ter know?" retorted the other. "Never thought o' sech a thing. Go in yerself, if ye're askeered, I'll steal some on it."

"Wall, I will, an' I won't open it till I git out-

side, an' then ye kin be sure that I won't take nothin' out'n it."

"Ye needn'" ter say that I would, Bill Budger," with a snort. "I'm·ez honest ez yew be."

"I don't doubt that," thought Dick, "but I don't believe that either of them has much to boast of on the point of honesty."

Wall, mebbe ye are, but I ain't trustin' ye."

"I reckon ye kin trust me ez I kin trust yez," snarling.

"Shut up, yew two!" growled the other man. "I kin git the winder open, I reckon. I be'n workin' while you uns ha' be'n squabblin' like a couple o' wildcats."

Dick could see that the man had opened the shutter, and as the window was not glazed all there was to do was to get in.

"Lift me up, you fellers," said Budger, "an' I'll be in there in a minute. I reckon it won't be nothin' ter find the box one I git inside."

"If they do find it I shall be very much surprised," thought Dick.

Budger was a good-sized man, and after the two others had lifted him up, it was some trouble to push him into the window. He went in head first and got as far as his chest when he stuck fast. The men took his legs and tried to push him in but could not, for all that he squirmed and struggled and they pushed. Then Dick thought he would have a bit of fun and frighten the Tories away, having no fear that they would secure the box, which neither Mercy nor the Liberty Boys had been able to find. He suddenly gave a shrill yell like that of a wildcat, and shook the bushes violently.

"Gosh!" yelled the man who considered himself as honest as Budger.

Then he released Budger's left leg and put for the road as fast as he could go. The other did not wait for the cry to be repeated, but hurried after his companion, leaving Budger half and half out of the cabin window. The man could get neither in nor out, and now began to yell and ask the others what they meant by leaving him hanging that way. Dick picked up a stout stick and ran forward, the light of the moon shining upon the stout lower half of the Tory's body. Whack! Dick began laying on the stick vigorously, and at every blow there was a yell from inside.

"Wow! yew stop o' that, Zeke Pridgeon! Quit it, I tell ye!"

Whack-whack-whack! Dick laid on the blows with all his might, laughing heartily as he did so, while Budger yelled and protested and tried his best to get out, kicking and wriggling and pushing. Dick gave one extra blow on the broadest part of the man's body, which caused him to yell louder than ever and push with his arms against the inside wall. Then he came flying out upon the ground all in a heap, angry and sore, and ready to visit all sorts of vengeance upon the two men whom he accused of playing tricks upon him. When he got up, he saw Dick Slater standing before him in the moonlight, a quizzical smile upon his face.

The captain of the Liberty Boys held a stout stick in his hands, and it was very evident that he was the one who had been castigating the thieving Tory.

"Was that you beatin' me with ther yer stick, ye blame rebel?" asked the Tory, angrily. "It wasn't any one else," laughed Dick. "You didn't find the box, did you, Budger?"

"What box are ye talkin' about?" angrily. "This here is my cabin. My woman's went away an' shut the winders an' furgot ter leave the door open an' I had ter git in some way."

"This is Darrow's cabin," said Dick. "You can't make me believe any such lies as that. I heard you and two other men planning to get in and steal something. The money box is not there, Budger, so you have had your trouble all for nothing."

"Yer blame rebel, yew've been a beatin' of me an' makin' a laffin' stock o' me, an' now I'm goin' ter git even."

Budger looked around for his musket, which he had left on the ground near the window, but Dick gave it a sudden kick and sent it flying into the bushes at some little distance.

"Get out of here, Budger!" he said sternly, "and don't you come back or you'll get worse than a beating."

Then Dick whipped out a pistol, and Budger went down the road at full speed, never stopping to try and find his musket, but quickly disappearing around a bend in the road.

"That is the last of them for to-night," laughed Dick. "I had to have a bit of fun and it was better to give the fellow a good thrashing that he is liable to remember for many a day than to shoot or hang him. He is not worth either, in fact."

Dick then called to Major, and, getting into the saddle, rode in the direction of Rocky Mount.

"Budger will swear that he fought and killed the wildcat after a tremendous tussle," laughed Dick, "and show his bruises to prove it. The lot of them are liars and thieves and that was the best way to treat him. I only wish I could have served the others the same way."

Riding on at a good rate, Dick at length came in sight of a roadside inn, where he saw a number of redcoats sitting in the taproom, the lights within showing them up plainly in their scarlet uniforms.

"Maybe I can have some fun here," he said with a laugh, as he dashed up to the door on Major.

"Now, then, Liberty Boys, here they are!" he cried, as he ran up the steps of the inn. "Catch the lot of them. Go around to the back door, some of you, and catch them as they come out. We want to bag the lot of them. Forward, boys!"

Then he rushed into the taproom, his sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, and cried out in a loud tone:

"Surrender, you rascally redcoats!"

The redcoats had already heard Dick and took it for granted that he had a strong force at his back. They all put for the back of the room, thinking to get out before the Liberty Boys could reach the door. The redcoats were making for the rear door with a rush, as Dick ran into the room, and now a number of Tories followed, thinking that perhaps the boys might suspect them and make them prisoners as well as the rest. Out rushed the redcoats, and Dick had not taken more than three steps into the room before they were all gone and a number of Tories also. There

were several whom Dick knew to be patriots in the place, and to these he said, with a laugh:

"You were not in very good company, men, but as this is a public place, I suppose you could not very well help that, as all are free to come and go here."

"Well, we did not like it very well, Captain," said one, "but we did not say anything, there being more of the enemy that there was of us, but where are the Liberty Boys?"

"In camp, mostly," laughed Dick, as the redcoats were heard hurrying off up the road at full speed.

"What?" cried every one in a breath. "You are not alone?"

"That is what I am," laughed Dick. "I thought that if I came in with a rush I might start these fellows and so I did."

The men all laughed, and the landlord said:

"Well, you drove out some good customers, Captain, but I can't help telling you that it was very cleverly done. I made no doubt that you had a score at least of the boys at your back when you came riding up."

"You can tell them that I was alone, although I do not think they will believe you," with a chuckle. "The story will not reflect very much credit on them."

Then Dick went out, some of the men following to make sure that he was alone.

"Oh, you may believe me," he laughed. "You did not hear the boys going after the redcoats, did you? I am not a boaster and if I had not been alone, I would not have said that I was."

Then Dick jumped into the saddle and rode off in the direction of the camp, laughing at the trick he had played upon the redcoats.

"They will feel mad enough over that when they find it out," he said to himself, "and they will not want to believe it. That is almost equal to Patsy's surrounding six redcoats a year ago."

He heard no sounds of pursuit and went on at a good gait, at length reaching the camp, where he found the boys occupying themselves in various ways and eager to know if he had seen any of the enemy. When he told them what had happened there was much merriment, particularly over the adventure with Bill Budger in the window of the deserted cabin.

"So the Tories had something to do with the attempted robbery, did they?" muttered Bob. "They had better be careful or they may find themselves in jail one of these days."

"They will not remain about here after this," said Dick. "They are not popular, and they are afraid that they will become even less so and be invited to leave at the point of a pistol. Houseman is not succeeding in converting the entire neighborhood to Loyalism, and he will find fewer Tories than ever in a little while."

CHAPTER VIII.—The Box Is Found.

In the morning, there having been no alarms on account of the redcoats or Tories during the night, Dick set out toward the enemy's camp to reconnoiter. The defenses at Rocky Mount were called a fort, but they consisted of three build-

ings on a slope with an open wood in front, and protected by a ditch and an abatis which encircled them. The garrison was not large, consisting of about one hundred and fifty New York volunteers and some North Carolina Tories, but the buildings were well protected and the want of artillery made it a difficult matter for the patriots to storm the place. Dick stopped at the house where Mercy was staying and enquired after the old gentleman, finding that he was still in a very nervous condition and that it did not seem wise to trouble him about the missing box.

"Some of those rascally Tories tried to get into the cabin last night," said Dick, "but I was there and they had some trouble about it and did not succeed."

Mercy laughed heartily when Dick told her what had happened and said, impatiently:

"Those scoundrels had better keep away from the cabin. I wish you had thrashed the lot of them."

"They did not wait for me to do so," returned Dick, dryly.

He rode away, and at length getting in the neighborhood of the cabin again and hearing voices, he left Major in the bushes and went on in a cautious manner, suspecting that the men he heard were redcoats and not Tories. He presently came upon five or six redcoats in the road and got behind some bushes at the top of a little bank at the side of the road and listened to them.

"The rebel hid the box in the cabin, the old rascal," said one redcoat, "and we must have it."

"They would not do that," declared another, "knowing that we were after it. I don't believe it is there at all."

"Those Tory ruffians said that the rebels did not take it with them when they went away," remarked another, "and so it must be in the cabin."

"Well, the cabin is not far off and we can easily tell," muttered the first. "We must get the box while we can, for after Captain Huck gets here with his army they will grab everything they see."

"He is coming, is he?"

"Yes, and Houseman has given him orders to push the rebels as far as he may deem convenient."

"Ha! Huck is a profane scoundrel and without principle. Let him kill all he wants to of them."

"You have none too much principal yourself!" said Dick, angrily.

"What's that?" asked the redcoat sharply, looking about him.

"I did not say anything," said the men with him.

"Then who did? There is an infernal rebel hiding somewhere about, and he said it. Find him!"

Dick was creeping away when the bank collapsed under him, having been weakened by recent rains, and let him down with the bushes and a lot of loose earth and stones.

"There he is!" cried the redcoats.

Dick got upon his feet in a hurry and raced across the road and toward the cabin. It would be foolish to hide in the cabin, but there was the

well, and in a moment he was half way down it and had not been seen by the redcoats, who had given chase in an instant. Dick went down to the water, which was quite low, and supported himself by resting his feet on a ledge which went quite around just above the water.

"Where is the young ruffian?" he heard one of the redcoats say.

"In the cabin. He could not have had time to get anywhere else."

"Even if they look down here, they will not see me," thought Dick.

"Surround the house and then break in the doors and rifle the place. The box is there and we must have it."

"Such fellows are a disgrace to any army," said Dick. "They are as bad as Bill Cunningham's lawless gang."

He could hear the redcoats hurrying about, but not one of them thought to look down the well. They had taken it for granted that he was in the cabin and they devoted all their attention to that. By the sounds he knew that they were breaking down the door and tearing off the shutters, but he did not venture to the top, fearing to be seen in an inadvertent moment. He heard them for some little time and then smelled smoke and muttered to himself:

"The scoundrels have set fire to the cabin because they cannot find the box. If that is not the most wanton piece of spite I don't know what to call it. I wish I had a dozen of the Liberty Boys here. We would settle those ruffians in short order."

His feet suddenly slipped from the ledge and let him down into the well, but only a short distance, as there was very little water at the bottom at that time. One foot landed on something square, which seemed to be a stone, but was higher than those about it, and then slipped off.

"I wonder what that is?" thought Dick, as he reached down, being only a little above his ankles in the water.

What he felt was a box and not a stone at all, and he presently felt an iron handle upon one side of it.

"Hallo! here is the box!" he muttered. "The old man threw it down the well and then forgot where he had thrown it. I never thought of it myself, and it is one of the simplest hiding places one could imagaine."

Dick waited till he could not hear the redcoats and then climbed out of the well, after having fastened the bucket rope to the handle of the box. When he came out of the well he saw no sign of the redcoats, but found the cabin in flames with no hope of saving it.

"And such men call us rebels!" said Dick, bitterly. "Hessians and refugees, Indians and outlaws, are hired by the British to despoil our land and then they call us rebels! Is it any wonder that our souls revolt at such practices?"

Taking hold of the bucket rope, Dick drew the box to the top of the well and took it off, finding it only reasonably heavy, and then called Major, who came quickly running up. The cabin was in flames and Dick knew that he could not save it even with help. There was very little water in the well, and what water they had to put out the fire would have to be brought from a distance.

There was danger that redcoats and Tories would come to the place rather than patriots, and Dick was anxious to get away with the box before these could arrive. There were no patriots that he knew living very near, and as the cabin was now on fire inside and out, he realized that there was very little chance of saving it. He jumped into the saddle, putting the box in front of him and was about to set out when he heard a horse approaching. He withdrew within shelter of some trees till he should see who the newcomer might be.

"The redcoats have not come back, for there is only one horse," muttered Dick, as he peered out from among the leaves that concealed him.

To his surprise he found that the rider of the horse was a girl, and, on nearer inspection, found her to be Mercy Darrow.

"I wonder what she is doing about here! Probably looking for the box herself. I am glad she didn't get here a few minutes sooner," thought Dick as he rode out to meet her.

"Oh, I thought I might get here before you left, Captain!" she exclaimed. "But who set the cabin on fire?"

"Some redcoats who were on the same errand as yourself, and when they found they could not find the box containing the money, set the place on fire."

"The scoundrels!" exclaimed Mercy. "Not only to burn our home but the money as well!" and she was on the verge of tears.

"Not the money, Mercy," Dick hastened to say. "Fortunately what in the first place looked like a misfortune turned out to be a blessing."

"What do you mean?" asked Mercy eagerly.

Dick showed her the box, and told how he had literally stumbled on it. Mercy drew a long sigh of relief.

"Then the burning of our home is not so bad, for we can buy another."

"It was hardly safe for you to come here alone with so many Tories and redcoats about. Suppose any of them had seen you here. Even if you had found the box they would have taken it from you."

"I would not have attempted to take it away, captain, but hidden it where I would know where it was and no one else."

"Well, you won't have to do it now, for we'll take it over to the house where you are staying. It will be safer to have it in your possession."

"Perhaps they won't care to keep it in the house for fear of their house's being attacked," replied Mercy, dubiously.

"No one will know that it is there."

"If any one should see us they would notice the box at once, captain, for it shows very plainly on the saddle in front of you."

"That's right. You might better take it and throw your shirt over it."

The exchange was soon made, and the box was no longer visible to anybody who might be on the road. But the box was not to have so safe a journey as Dick and Mercy had supposed. One of the Tory boys had seen Mercy leave the house where she was staying with her grandfather, and had at once reported the fact to his father, who had enjoined the boy to keep a watch on the girl and the old man, as it was expected one

or the other would get the box at the first opportunity.

The boy's father in turn had told some one else, for he wanted to borrow a horse so as to lose no time, and the second man insisted on going also and sharing in the contents of the box, and he had two horses, the first Tory was bound to accede. Mercy already reached the house, met Dick and started off with him with the box, when the two Tories appeared in the neighborhood of the cabin. They saw the burning cabin before they approached it, for the flames were mounting higher than when Mercy had first seen it.

"Huh, the girls got the money and then set fire to the cabin!"

"She must have got away with the box of money, and then the house could go hang!" remarked the other with some vigor.

"Let's get after her. She can't hav got very fur."

The other responded by a grunt of acquiescence, and then the two whacked their horses and set out at a gallop over the road that Dick and Mercy had just taken.

CHAPTER IX.—The Box Meets With More Adventures.

Dick soon heard them coming and knew that they were being chased, but by whom he could not at first guess.

"By the way their horses are coming on, we can easily outrun them," Dick said to Mercy. "We will wait till I can see who they are. Whoever they may be, they are pushing their horses too hard, for they will not be able to keep up that pace long."

They went on as if not hearing the men who came pounding on from behind, and let the galloping horses gain a little on them, to see what might be wanted.

"Hi, stop. We want ter saying suthin!" yelled one of the men, but Dick and Mercy paid no heed, riding on at an easy gait, keeping just ahead of the two men despite their desperate efforts to overtake them. When they had convinced the men that there was no use in following them, Dick turned and waved his hand, and then he and Mercy cantered on.

"We have not got much farther to go now," said Mercy, with a little sigh of relief. "I'll be glad enough to get this box in some safe place."

"There's many a slip between the cup and the lip," laughed Dick.

"You don't think anybody else would be likely to chase us, do you, captain?" asked Mercy, anxiously.

"I never count on anything for sure," responded Dick, "in these uncertain times. All I do count on is getting this box to some safe place before we get through with it."

They rode on a little more briskly, while the men behind saw it was useless to hope to overtake them.

"I know a short cut around, but no horse could take it, but I think I could make it before those two folks reach the house where the girl is

stayin'. You know the road winds right around the mountain, and by cutting across here, I might head 'em off."

"What could you do against that peart young rebel. He'd use you up in less'n no time," replied the other, contemptuously.

"I reckon I can do as much as you-un any time," snarled the other. "Take your ol' hoss," and without further expression in the way of thanks or otherwise, he slid down from the horse, and darting into the woods, started to go over the mountain.

George was 'bout right, for I don't see what I c'n do all by myself," mused Seth Wilder, as he scrambled over brush, stones, and briar in his effort to get over the mountain before Dick and Mercy reached their destination. He fell a number of times in his haste, scratched his face and bruised his back, besides getting so hot that the perspiration ran down his toorehead into his eyes, and almost blinded him. It seemed to him that never had he taken such a long time to cross the mountain before, and yet he really made very quick time. When he reached the road on the other side, however, he heard the sound of horses' feet, and, looking ahead, saw that the two whom he was trying to head off had already passed. He sat down on the roadside, mopped his face, nursed his back, and gave some relief to his surcharged feelings by the use of some very fervent expressions, which were only brought to an abrupt termination by the appearance of some redcoats, the very ones that had already tried to find the box, and who had set fire to the cabin in revenge for their failure in getting the box.

"Hi," he called out. "Stop, I wanter tell youuns suthin!"

The redcoats halted, while one of them growled:

"What do you mean by stopping his majesty's soldiers so rudely?"

But Seth Wilder was too much in earnest to be impressed, and shouted:

"You-uns stop, I got suthin to tell you."

"Well, what is it. Speak out and be quick about it."

"That young rebel what calls himself a captain has just gone by with that box of money, and if you-uns get it I want you to remember that I told about it and gimme my share."

The manner of the redcoats changed instantly, and they all began asking questions at once. Seth soon told all he knew, and putting spurs to their horses, they were off and up the road after Dick and Mercy as fast as their animals could be urged onward. In a few moments they caught sight of the boy and girl, but the latter was alone, and trying to urge on a lame horse in pursuit of the young captain, who was riding swiftly away.

As they came up, Mercy called on them to stop, although she had no occasion to do so, for they wanted to see if she had the money.

"After him, quick!" she shouted. "He found my box of money. My horse has gone lame, and I can't ride after him myself. Catch him if you can, but he's got an awful fast horse, and you'll have to hurry if you expect to overtake him."

They could see for themselves that Dick was

making pretty good time, but was not riding too fast to discourage any attempt at overtaking him. Without taking another thought of Mercy, the redcoats galloped on, supposing they had left her with the impression that they were trying to get the box back for its rightful owner. As Mercy watched them ride furiously up the road, a smile spread over her face.

"They were nicely fooled," she laughed. "The captain was as quick as a flash to think of that plan when he heard those redcoats come thundering after us. Poor old Di, I am sorry for you, but I must say it was very inconsiderate of you to go lame just now when I needed you the most. Still, so long as the captain got those dreadful soldiers away from me it's all right. They can never overtake him on their horses, and he will get away all right, while if he had stayed with me we would have surely lost the box."

Her horse was in truth very lame, and plainly showed that every step gave him pain, and yet Mercy could not relieve him except by letting him take his time, for she could get down without showing that she had the box, which, in any event, was too heavy for her to carry so long a distance by hand. She felt under her skirts and gave a little sigh of satisfaction as she felt the box securely resting on the saddle beneath her gown.

Presently she heard some one on the road behind her, and looking back saw that a man was coming along on foot. She did not like his looks, but could not hasten the gait of poor Di, so she simply nodded a greeting to him as he came up beside her.

"Please spare a poor man something, young lady," he whined.

"I haven't anything," was Mercy's reply, while she wished Dick were near, or that Di wasn't lame, or that she didn't have that box that had caused so much trouble. Then suddenly he caught hold of her bridle, and she gave a little cry and raised her riding whip as if to strike him. But he paid no attention to her attempts at resistance, hissing:

"Did you get that box?"

"No, I didn't," answered Mercy, truthfully enough, for it was Dick who had got it, and had afterward put it on her horse for safer keeping.

"You're lying! You wouldn't be afraid of me if you did have something you thought I wanted."

"Your looks are enough to frighten any decent girl!" exclaimed Mercy, indignantly. "Let go my horse, or I'll switch you across the face."

He reached up and twisted the whip from her hand, leaving her defenceless.

"What do you mean by my getting a box?" she asked in order to gain time.

He looked at her a little surprised, for he wondered if he had made a mistake. He had not come up quick enough to hear what she had said to the redcoats, and thought that they must in some way have missed her.

"You know what I mean well enough," he answered, roughly.

"Do you mean a box about this size?" she asked, holding her hands about eight inches apart.

"Yes," he answered eagerly.

"Oh, Captain Slater of the Liberty Boys found such a box somewhere near the house we used to live in, but which somebody set on fire."

"Didn't you set it on fire?"

"No, indeed! Why should I set my own home on fire. Some of the British soldiers must have done it."

All this while her horse had been limping along, the man at her side, his hand on the bridle rein.

"What did he do with the box?"

"How do you suppose I know? Some soldiers just came along a few moments ago and asked about a box, and I told them the same thing, that Captain Slater had found a box, and if it was their property, they'd better ride pretty quick to claim it, for he was on a powerful fast horse, and they'd find they'd have some difficulty in overtaking him if they didn't hurry."

The man seemed to be impressed by Mercy's story, and bringing his hand down heavily on the flank of the horse, letting go of the bridle rein to do so, he exclaimed:

"Those rascally soldiers will run off with the box and I won't get a shilling!"

It was an unfortunate slap for Mercy, as Di jumped suddenly to one side, no doubt rendered nervous by the pain she was suffering in her injured foot, and in swerving, the much desired box fell to the road. In an instant Mercy had slipped to the ground and had reached for the box, for it had fallen on the opposite side from Seth Wilder, but he, also, had seen it fall, and he was around to the other side of the horse almost as soon as Mercy reached the ground, and made a grab for the box.

They both seized it, but the man being the stronger, got it away from Mercy, who gave a loud cry as she saw her box of money being taken from her. She had nothing to help herself with, and she looked around for a weapon of some sort, even if only a stick, but the man was already disappearing through the woods at the side of the road. Mercy's cry, however, had been heard, and soon she saw a rapidly advancing horseman, and when near enough, saw to her indescribable relief that it was Dick himself.

"Oh, Captain!" she exclaimed. "He's run off with the box!"

"Who?" Dick cried.

"A villainous looking man, but I don't know who he can be."

"Which way did he go?"

"Through there in the woods."

Dick was on his feet in an instant, and only waiting to note the direction to which Mercy was pointing, he was in the woods after Seth Wilder. In a few moments Mercy heard cries for help, and then of pain, but as they were not in the voice of the young captain, she was not at all disturbed, but rather pleased. Presently Dick appeared with the box in his hand.

"You've got it, Captain!" exclaimed Mercy.

"Of course I've got it, I wasn't going to all that trouble to get the box and then lose it in the end," he answered laughing. Then he added: "You might better leave your horse here and send for it after we get the box into the house. You get up behind me. Major can carry us both, and the box, too."

Mercy gladly obeyed, for she was anxious to get back to the only home she now had, and asked as they rode along:

"You had no trouble in getting away from the redcoats?"

"Not a bit, I led them a pretty chase, letting them think they were going to catch me till I got them far enough off, and then I rode back to you as quickly as possible in case you needed me."

"I did need you the worst way. I don't know how we can ever repay you for your kindness to us, captain," she added gratefully.

"Pass the kindness along to somebody else who needs it. That is the way to show one's gratitude."

"I will remember what you say, Captain. You are not only a brave boy but a wise one!"

CHAPTER X.—The Attack on the Tories.

On the following day the Liberty Boys heard rumors of acts of violence having been done by Captain Huck, who was advancing upon the district with a force consisting of four hundred cavalry and a body of well mounted Tories, determined to get ahead of Sumter, who was rapidly gathering his army, determined to attack the royal forces at Rocky Mount and avenge the wrongs committed by Tarleton and others earlier in the year. Huck had already destroyed Hill's iron works, burned the house of the minister at Fishing Creek, and committed other offences, being now prepared for more depredations.

Houseman's instructions to push the rebels as far as he might deem convenient had been obeyed with all license, and Bill Cunningham the outlaw had an able rival in Christian Huck, who was utterly without principle.

"We must be ready for this scoundrel," said Dick to the Liberty Boys upon hearing of the approach of Huck, "and do all we can to check his lawless march."

There was not one of the Liberty Boys who was not ready to do all in his power to overthrow the man, but the boys were only one hundred strong and Huck had a much larger force.

"There are McClure and Bratton and Neill in the neighborhood," Dick added, "and Sumter is coming, and perhaps will be here sooner than Huck thinks, so that we will have strong allies and should be able to do not a little to oppose this unprincipled fellow."

"He should be defeated without delay," muttered Bob. "A man like him can do a great deal of mischief, and the sooner he is put down the better for our cause and for humanity."

Early in the afternoon Dick took Bob and a small party of the boys and rode off in the direction from which Huck was thought to be coming so as to learn all they could about the man. They had gone a considerable distance when Dick, who was riding in advance of the party with Bob saw a number of men in front of a farm house, one of them gesticulating wildly and talking loudly.

"Wait a moment, Bob," he said, and then he rode ahead, being soon seen by the man in front of the farm house.

The man who was making the most noise looked at Dick and said, with a great volume of profane language:

"Well, you infernal young rebel, what do you want? Do you know who I am?"

"I can guess," Dick replied, coolly, "and I would like to know what you are doing around here making all this disturbance?"

"Seize the young rebel!" snarled the man, who was Captain Huck if Dick was not greatly mistaken.

Three or four of the men rushed forward to seize Dick and found themselves suddenly facing a brace of big pistols.

"Wait a minute," said Dick, quietly. "If I were not opposed to committing murder, Captain Huck, I could have killed you a moment ago. In fact, I can do it now."

The men hurriedly threw themselves in front of the Tory leader, who at once got behind a tree.

"Here, you rebel, you mustn't talk like that!" snarled the man. "My men would tear you to pieces in a moment."

"They could do nothing of the sort," said Dick. "I have two holsters here, each with a pistol in it, I have two pistols in my hands and I have two more in my belt. I can fire a shot a second and hit the mark every time. How much tearing to pieces would your men do before I could put a bullet through every one of them?"

"Do it, Captain!" called a woman from an upper window of the farm house. "I would in a minute if I had a musket or a rifle or anything to shoot with. That man is the scourge of Satan, and the sooner he is killed the better it will be for the community."

The men with Huck, although armed, seemed afraid to attack Dick, and Huck himself, although sheltered behind a tree, hesitated to use his weapons against Dick.

If the woman could not shoot she could do something, and she now emptied a pail of dirty water on the Tory's head, driving him from his shelter and causing him to utter a volume of bad language. Then there was the shrill cry of a hawk, and the men looked up to see where the bird was. In a moment there was the clatter of hoofs and the clear blast of a bugle, and on came Bob and the boys with him, Billy blowing his bugle bravely. At once Huck and the men with him urged their horses at a gallop and rode away as fast as they could go. When the boys reached Dick there was not a Tory in sight, all having disappeared around a bend in the rough road at some distance.

"Are you going after them, Dick?" asked Bob. "Who are they?"

"Christian Huck and some of his men. I suppose they think that all the Liberty Boys are with me. The fellow's force is probably at some distance or he would not have been in such a hurry."

"My husband is an officer of the Minute Men," said the woman in the window, "and this ruffian wanted to know where he was. I told Huck that he was with Colonel Neill, and that the first thing he knew there would be a lot of patriots down upon him and hang him higher'n Haman if they didn't shoot him first."

"They might do both," sputtered Bob. "They do hang dead criminals, and this fellow is nothing but an outlaw, and the equal of Bill Cunningham, for all that he calls himself a captain."

"Tell you what, when I heard that bugle I just made up my mind that the Minute Men were coming and that there would be a swarm of them. Is that all there is of you?"

"It is all that there is of us here," laughed Dick, "but Huck and his men evidently thought that the whole troop was coming. We were looking about us to see what we could learn of these fellows."

"Well, they ran away as if there was a regiment after them."

The boys went on, seeing nothing of the Tories, although they rode for a mile or more.

"The man's force is at a distance," suggested Dick, "and he did not dare trust himself here with so few. We shall probably not see him till he comes up with all his men."

Satisfied that the Tory captain was nowhere around, the boys now rode back, meeting a party of McClure's men at some distance from the farm-house where they had seen Huck. Dick told them that he had seen the men, but could not tell where he had gone, as there were several roads which he might have taken.

"Well, we will be on the lookout for him," said the leader of that party. "It'll never do to let a man like that get any headway."

"No, indeed," agreed Dick. "The rascal must be crushed as soon as possible, as otherwise he will get more and more men about him, and his army will reach such formidable proportions that we shall be able to do nothing with it."

"Like a snowball that you can smash under your foot at the start, but that will bury a house if you let it grow," replied the other.

Dick and the boys rode on, the young captain determining to bring up the Liberty Boys and meet Huck with the Minute Men, instead of letting him advance too far into the district. The boys would pass the house where Mercy and her grandfather were staying on their way back to camp, and Dick stopped to see how they were doing. The old gentleman seemed to be much better, and Mercy had just told him where Dick had found the box, having been unable to get his mind upon anything before them. He had asked her, in fact, his mind seeming to be much brighter than since the attack by the redcoats.

"The captain found it down the well, grandfather," said Mercy.

"Well, well, I do declare."

"That's what I said, down the well," said Mercy. "Don't you remember?"

"I don't know that I do. Is it all right?"

"Yes, and to think that we never thought of that place."

"I am glad the redcoats did not get it, my child. We will go back there when the redcoats go away."

"But the cabin is burned down, grandfather."

"Then we will build another," said the old man, "and a better one."

At that moment Dick and the boys came up and dismounted. Mercy and the old man were very glad to see them, and the girl told Dick that

she had just informed her grandfather how the box had been found.

"It was a lucky thing that the redcoats chased you after all, captain," said Mr. Darrow, "for then you would not have found the box."

"I did not think it lucky at the time, sir," Dick replied, smiling.

"No, I suppose not, but that is the way things often happen."

The boys remained at the house a short time, and then rode on to the camp, where they were heartily received by all the boys.

"Huck is coming on, boys," said Dick, "and I think we will advance to meet him. The sooner we do so the better, I think."

The boys set out shortly after dinner, taking only a part of their camp equipage with them so as to travel the faster, packing up the rest and leaving it in a safe place. They went as fast as they had gone in the morning, and here they halted, finding a strong body of Minute Men already assembled there and more expected shortly. Nothing had been seen of Huck, but later in the day reports came in that he and his army were encamped in a lane on a plantation some few miles distant. It was decided to attack them as soon as possible, detachments being now on the way to join the patriots.

During the evening Neill came down from Mecklenburg with a strong party and joined McClure, Bratton and the Liberty Boys, all marching stealthily forward. At a little past midnight they approached the camp of the sleeping Tories and waited till dawn. Then they entered each end of the lane, and at the sound of the bugle, blown by the Liberty Boys' bugler, fell upon the surprised Tories.

"Charge, Liberty Boys!" shouted Dick, in ringing tones, waving his sword; "down with the marauding Tories, and do not spare one of them. The bullet or the rope for all such ruffians!"

"Liberty forever, down with Huck and his outlaw army!" roared the boys, as they charged furiously.

"Don't spare the ruffians!" shouted Dick. "Let them have it, my brave boys! Fire!"

Crash—roar!

"Hurrah! Liberty for ever!" roared the boys, echoing the roar of musketry with their cheers.

The discharge was most vigorous on all sides, and the Tories, being hemmed in, were forced to fight for their lives. Billy Boutwell's bugle rang out shrill and clear at frequent intervals, and whenever the boys heard it they cheered and charged more vigorously. Billy himself did more than sound his bugle, for he used his musket and pistols frequently and brought down more than one of the enemy.

CHAPTER XI.—In and Out of the Fort.

For an hour the battle raged furiously, the Minute Men and the Liberty Boys attacking the Tories with the greatest vigor. Then Huck and the colonel of the Tory militia were killed, and the Tory army, being without leaders, quickly dispersed. The Liberty Boys gave chase to a considerable part of the defeated army, pursuing the Tories nearly to Rocky Mount. Then the boys

returned to their former camp, very well satisfied with the events of the day.

Within a few hours the army of Christian Huck was as completely dissolved as if it had never been, and with no chance of its ever coming together again. The men were scattered far and wide, and no one was to be found who would acknowledge that he had been with the unprincipled man who had lost his life in the first real conflict in which he was engaged.

"We won't hear a peep from the Tories after this," laughed Bob, when the boys were once more in camp. "The fall of Huck will be a great blow to them, and we will find plenty of men now who will tell you that they always knew he would be defeated and would have nothing to do with the fellow."

"You will find lots of patriots now whom you never suspected of being such," observed Mark. "We have little use for such, and yet they may do good after all."

"In drawing others to the cause," said Dick. "There is a great deal in example, and even these eleventh hour patriots are better than none."

"The next thing is to drive the redcoats out of Rocky Mount," declared Bob.

"When Sumter comes along we will probably attend to that affair," returned Dick, smiling.

The boys remained quiet for the rest of the day, the redcoats at Rocky Mount making no demonstration and probably fearing an attack after the defeat and dispersing of Huck's army. In the morning Dick set out with a few of the boys, the boy bugler among them, to learn what Warren, Ben Spurlock, Sam Sanderson, the two Harrys and Will Freeman, besides Billy, and they were all in the highest spirits, feeling very jubilant over the defeat of the Tories. They rode in the direction of Rocky Mount and saw nothing for some time, when at length they came across some of the Tory boys who had attacked Billy Boutwell at the time Dick had first met him.

"Ya! ye're a lot o' rebels!" sneered Pete Budger, taking care to keep out of the way, however.

"Look at that barefooted Billy Boutwell, ridin' a hoss like he was somebody," cried Hank Pridgeon. "He ain't no good!"

The others sneered and made remarks, and then began to pick up stones to throw at the boys. The latter started ahead at a gallop, however, and the Tory boys fled in haste. The boys then went on less rapidly after that, and at length Dick halted them and went on with Billy.

"In case we meet the enemy you can blow the bugle and give the alarm to the rest," he said to the boy bugler.

They went on for a little distance, when suddenly they heard a disturbance ahead of them, and then saw the Tory boys dragging a girl toward the woods despite her cries and struggles.

"Help!" she cried, seeing the two Liberty Boys.

"Sound the alarm, Billy!" said Dick.

Then he dashed ahead, leaped off his horse while going at good speed, and sprang upon the boys. There were some of the same ruffians he had seen before, and they fled, taking the girl with them. Billy blew his bugle vigorously and Dick pursued the boys, but all of a sudden he found himself in a nest of redcoats, who seized

him and carried him off in a moment. Then the Tories released the girl, who laughed at Dick and said:

"Huh! we fooled ye fine that time. They weren't hurtin' me none. That was just a trick, an' you got took in all right."

There was a clatter of hoofs, and the Tory boys and the girl ran away in different directions as the Liberty Boys came in sight.

"That's pretty bad, boys," said Jack. "The redcoats will take him to Rocky Mount and it will be a hard matter to get him out. The garrison is well protected, and there are not enough Liberty Boys with us."

The two Harrys, Billy and Will Freeman rode off in haste to the camp, while Jack, Ben and Sam remained in the neighborhood, the redcoats going back in the direction of the fort. Meantime Dick had been taken to the fort across the ditch and brought before the commandant, Houseman having left the place some time before. Dick was taken away and put in the guard-house, which was simply a room in the same building, where he was left to himself. There were some men in the room detained there for one reason or another, but there was no guard outside, and very little discipline that he could see.

No one spoke to him, and he stretched himself on a bench and pretended to go to sleep. Two of the prisoners were playing cards and got to quarreling over the game, when an under officer came in and said, angrily:

"If you can't play peaceable you can't play at all. Now behave yourselves or you'll get it worse."

He paid no attention to Dick, but, as it began to grow close and hot, took off his coat and laid it on the bench beside him. He puffed away in silence for some time, and then, as it grew still hotter and closer, he put away his pipe and stretching out upon the bench was soon snoring. Dick had been watching, and he also noticed the growing sultriness and saw through the window a black cloud approaching, growing larger and larger and darker and darker every moment. At length it grew so dark in the room that it was almost like night, and Dick arose quickly, crossed to the bench where the sleeping sergeant lay, picked up his coat and walked out.

Outside, he put on the sergeant's hat and coat and walked briskly along, able to find his way from his acute sense of the direction. He knew where the door was and walked out into the enclosure, thence making his way rapidly toward the abatis, it now being very dark, the rolling of distant thunder being heard louder and louder. Reaching the ditch, Dick lowered the little drawbridge and crossed over, but at that moment there was a blinding flash of lightning and he was revealed.

"Here, where are you going?" cried a guard. In another moment some one came running out and cried, excitedly:

"The rebel has escaped; stop him!"

Then it grew black in a moment, and Dick ran for the abatis, having seen where it was in the flash of lightning, and remembering the position. There was a great deal of shouting and calling back and forth, but no one could see anything, and Dick kept on and reached the abatis.

This he climbed up rapidly, a second flash presently revealing him among the branches.

"That isn't a rebel, that's the sergeant, making his escape."

"No, it's not, it's the rebel captain with the sergeant's coat."

Then it grew dark again, and in a moment it began to rain with great violence. The redcoats retreated to the shelter of the buildings, and Dick made his way over the abatis and to the ground. He sought the shelter of the wood and was standing under a tree out of the rain, when three or four boys suddenly rushed up and surrounded him, crying fiercely:

"Surrender, you redcoat!"

"Certainly, boys, but I am not more a redcoat than you are, Jack," said Dick.

"Hurrah! it's Dick, he's made his escape!" cried Jack, joyously.

CHAPTER XII.—Hard Luck for the Tory Boys.

The rain was soon over and the sun shining bright again, and Dick, throwing aside the scarlet coat which had deceived Jack Warren, made his way back to the camp with the boys. Bob and some of the boys from the camp had come up, but then the storm threatened while they were debating what had best be done, and it was decided to wait for clear weather. Then Jack and some of the boys on the look-out saw a red-coat in the wood, and determined to capture him and hold him as a hostage for the safe return of Dick. There was great rejoicing when the boys realized that it was Dick whom they had captured, and when they reached the camp the young captain was given a royal reception. Billy went next day to see his brother, who was not far off, Dick telling him to look out for himself, as there might be Tory boys in the neighborhood. It happened that some other boys were out looking around, but with no idea of helping Billy, when they heard the blast of his bugle.

"Hallo! there is Billy in trouble," cried Harry Judson. "We must help him, boys."

Then the boys dashed ahead faster than before, the bugle sounding again shrill and clear. It happened that Billy, upon his return from seeing his brother, met Hank Pridgeon, Hiram Cowing and some more of the same gang, who stood in the road and said:

"Ya! you're a rebel! You dassent go on, 'cause you're a rebel an' you know we'll lick yer."

"I can bring help in a minute if I want to blow my bugle," said the boy bugler.

"Huh! yer only think yer kin!" sneered one of the boys. "Ther Liberty Boys don't think nothin' of yer now they've got yer ter jine."

"See if they don't!" cried Billy, blowing a tremendous blast and then charging upon the Tory boys.

"Hi! you stop o' that!" yelled Hank, running.

Billy dashed ahead, scattering the bullies in all directions. They were in such haste to get away that they did not look where they were going, and numerous accidents resulted therefrom. Hank ran into a nest of mud wasps and stirred up the lively little creatures, a number of them attacking him and making it warm for him in a short time. He started to jump over the fence.

but tripped and fell headlong into a ditch half full of dirty water, which smelled anything but sweet, and drove away all the wasps. One of the boys got into a thorn bush, another stepped into a bog hole, and another fell into a brook, something happening to every one of them. Billy looked back, saw the misadventures of the Tories, and laughed heartily, then blowing a blast upon his bugle in defiance. In a few moments he met the boys, who asked him eagerly:

"What's the matter, Billy? In trouble?"

Billy told them, and the boys laughed as heartily as he had over the Tory boys' misfortunes.

The Tory bullies all disappeared from the neighborhood after their adventure with the Liberty Boys' bugler, and the district was well rid of them, their families moving away to some district where they would find more friends. Budger, Pridgeon and the rest disappeared, and no one missed them, for their friends went with them, and the rest were glad to have them go. Sumter came down from Mecklenburg at length and resolved to attack the post at Rocky Mount. Early one morning he appeared at the crown of the hill with his whole force and the Liberty Boys and prepared to attack the place. Turnbull, who was now in command of the works, prepared to receive the patriots, having been informed by one of the few Tories of the neighborhood that Sumter was coming. Having no artillery, Sumter had to rely upon musketry, which, however, had little effect upon the works, and they gave up the attack.

Leaving Rocky Mount, Sumter made his way along the Catawba toward Hanging Rock, the Liberty Boys following some distance behind. Later, Sumter was surprised by Tarleton and lost a quantity of forage which he had captured, the Liberty Boys fortunately escaping this misfortune. At length Sumter, with a strong party of militia and the Liberty Boys, Dick having come up, determined to attack the post of Hanging Rock, where there was a strong detachment of regulars and a good force of Tories under Brown. Part of Tarleton's infantry and a number of regulars sent by Rawdon were at the post, and it was a considerable undertaking to attack it. Sumter had a good force with him now, however, and, advancing rapidly and cautiously, approached the post in three divisions early in the morning while yet the camp was asleep. With him were Major Davie, from the Mecklenburg district, a hard fighter and a thorough patriot, his men being hardy backwoodsmen, who were of sturdy principle as well as frame, and determined to put down Toryism at whatever cost.

The Liberty Boys were with Davie and fell first upon the Tories, who ran without firing a shot, many throwing away their arms. Pressing on, they encountered Brown's Provincials, who, being on the alert, returned the fire of the patriots with some vigor. Dick told Billy Boutwell to sound the charge, and the gallant lads, dismounting, charged with the bayonet, while the sharpshooters picked off the officers and created a great deal of confusion. The arms and ammunition captured from the runaway Tories were of great assistance to Sumter's men, who at the beginning of the fight had little more than two rounds apiece, and they now poured in volley

after volley upon the enemy, determined to take every advantage. Then Sumter's men began plundering the camp of the British and drinking the liquors found there, a fatal mistake, as the British rallied while Sumter was endeavoring to bring order out of confusion.

The British formed in a hollow square, but Davie and the Liberty Boys attacked them on three sides and fought them resolutely. The Liberty Boys' bugler sounded the charge, and the brave boys attacked the enemy fiercely, giving the plucky little fellow a hearty cheer as he sounded the shrill, clear notes. A number of riflemen tried to pick off the boy, but the expert shots among the young patriots saw them and picked off one and another until they were forced to desist. The British line was weakening and showed signs of giving way, when a detachment under Stewart and McDonald, of Tarleton's Legion, came to its assistance and Sumter decided that it was better to retreat. Dick brought off the Liberty Boys successfully and kept with Major Davie, meeting a party returning from Rocky Mount on the Camden road and giving them battle at once. The boy bugler sounded the charge, and the Liberty Boys and Davie's hardy Mecklenburg men attacked the newcomers vigorously and quickly dispersed them, the boys cheering loudly as the enemy fled. Then Billy played "Yankee Doodle" and the boys laughed. Sumter had captured a number of prisoners and a large amount of camp supplies, and with these he retreated toward the Waxhaw, the Liberty Boys going with him. The brave fellows remained with Sumter for some time and did many valiant deeds during that period, Billy Boutwell gaining friends wherever he went, the Liberty Boys themselves being very fond of him.

They remained in the Carolinas for a time and then went down into Virginia, where they went through an active campaign against Cornwallis, Billy blowing his bugle and endearing himself to every one he met, doing plenty of brave work besides. During the siege of Yorktown Billy lost his arm and was no longer able to serve as a bugler, much to his sorrow. He remained with the Liberty Boys until they were working their way North, and then stopped at his old home, where he found Mercy Darrow, who had lost her grandfather during the boys' absence. Mercy had always been fond of Billy, although she was older than the little bugler, and now she was sorry for him, as his usefulness as a bugler was gone.

Billy's brother had died in the meantime, having lost his life at the battle of Guilford Court-house, and the boy was alone. Mercy was a well-to-do woman with a little farm to take care of, and Billy knew a good deal about such work, and when the girl asked him to help her he did. A year or so after the war was over Dick heard from the boy bugler, who sent a great piece of news. He had married Mercy and they were running the farm together, but the old bugle was not forgotten, for Mercy used it to call the help for dinner, and regarded it as one of her choicest possessions next to Billy himself.

Next week's issue will contain "THE LIBERTY BOYS SNOWED IN; or, A LUCKY ESCAPE."

CURRENT NEWS

CARVING ON LEBANON

On the face of a cliff in the Lebanon hills Rameses II, King of Egypt, well over 3,000 years ago ordered his stone carvers to inscribe a tablet setting forth his conquest of the land. The figures of the ancient Egyptian ruler and his men still are visible. A few feet away one may see, carved in the same rock by a British stone cutter, a record of the coming in September, 1918, of Field Marshal Sir Ermund H. H. Allenby, G. C. B., commander of the allied forces in Asia Minor. And the passage of the centuries from B. C. 1300 to A. D. 1918 is recorded by a dozen other carvings, each describing the march of a victorious army.

A GIANT SUN

Canopus, the giant of the solar system is, according to a recent calculation, 49,000 times as bright as the sun. Its diameter is 134 times that of the sun; it is 18,000 times larger in surface and 2,420,000 times larger in volume. The distance of it from us, according to this calculation, is 489 light years.

"Suppose," says another authority, "that instead of being at this enormous distance it were

placed in the centre of the solar system, in lieu of the sun? It would then occupy .85 of the space lying within the orbit of Venus, and as seen from the earth would subtend an angle of about 70 degrees of arc. Thus, when its lower limb was on our horizon, its upper would be within 20 degrees of the zenith. Needless to say, no life could exist on earth with such a neighbor.

FISHED UP SACK OF LIQUOR

Hugh Brady, municipal grappler, who has "fished" scores of bodies from the waters of the Willamette River, Oreg., had a surprise recently which made him groan. Several days ago Brady was notified that he likely would find a body in the river bed if he searched for it. Brady searched, his grappling irons firmly clutched something. Pulling and tugging at his lines, lifting the weighty "body" from sixty feet below, Brady puffed and wondered.

Here it comes—in sight—but—the bulky thing was a gunnysack filled to the poopdeck with—bottled exhilaration. It doubtless had been "buried at sea" by a mariner who expected some day to resurrect it. Then came a Government agent who carried the booze away, leaving Grappler, Brady to hold the sack.

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Against The Trust

— OR —

THE YOUNG LUMBERMAN'S BATTLE

By RALPH MORTON

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Well, that's the size of it," said the other. "The harder you swear at 'em and the harder you can hit when it comes to any rebellion, the better you are off. Well, you say that you've come out here to learn the business. What was the idea of it?"

"I might want to go into it some day."

"Oh, have you got capital?"

"No, I'm nearly broke, but I may have money later on."

"Well, you seem a bright and lively chap, and that plucky bit of business in saving the life of Casey will make you stand well with the men, so if you are willing I'll hire you."

"To chop down trees?"

"No, for a timekeeper."

Ben was just about to respectfully decline Tennyson's offer, when the idea came into his head that here was an excellent chance to learn the business and to be paid for it at the same time, and he concluded to take it.

"To keep the time of the men?" he asked.

"Yes, and that has always to be up to date, for sometimes a man wants to leave and asks for his time right off the reel, and sometimes we want to fire a man who is creating discontent, and that has got to be a swift job, too."

"I understand. How much do you pay?"

"Thirty-five a month and board."

"All right, Mr. Tennyson."

"Is a go?"

"Yes."

"That settles it. This train leaves us at Spruceville, which is the jumping-off place, you might say, and from there on it is either team or trudge. This all your duffle?"

"I beg pardon," said Ben, mystified.

"Oh, your outfit. I forgot how green you were."

"Yes, I have only this satchel with me."

"Well, when we get to Spruceville I'll introduce you to Jack Dubois, the hard-hitting foreman I spoke about a moment ago, and he'll take care of you and tell you what to do and where to go. Jack is only a young man, not more than twenty-five years old, but for two years he's been the boss bully of the woods in these parts."

Ben began to have peculiar ideas of the lumber business, but wisely held his tongue, and then Tennyson, in a boastful way, began to tell him how much land he owned and leased, and how much stumpage he contracted out, and how he had for years past run things pretty much as he wanted in that section of the country, until Ben began to get the idea that Tennyson was a pretty fair sample of a bully himself. He was evidently

a man who had been made vain and boastful by the power of money, and looking keenly at the hard lines in the man's face, the young fellow came to the conclusion that his employer was an unscrupulous person.

However, that fact would not prevent him from learning the business, thought Ben, and listening without comment, while the train rolled and creaked and wheezed on its way to the end of the line, which was reached after a jolting ride of more than three hours over the roughest kind of traveling.

"Spruceville!"

"Here we are," said Tennyson, getting up. "I'll hunt up Jack Dubois and have him put you in one of the wagons with the sober men."

"How far is it to your camp, Mr. Tennyson?" asked Ben, as he picked up his satchel and started for the end of the car.

"Oh, the tote team takes you there in about two or three hours," was the reply, and then the lumberman hastened from the car.

Ben went to the end of the car and jumped down, and at that moment a decidedly pretty girl of not more than seventeen, who was carrying a valise in one hand and trying to hold a number of bundles with the other, stepped down from the rear of the next car.

She lost her hold on two of the bundles and they rolled almost to the feet of our hero, who put down his satchel and picked them up.

"Pardon me, young lady," he said, "but you have more than your arms can hold, so if you do not object I'll carry part of your load wherever you are going."

"Oh, thank you," sincerely said the girl, looking up at him with undisguised approval, and taking in every detail of the stalwart form and the neat fitting coat that covered the broad shoulders. "My father is at the other side of the platform with a buckboard, so if you will assist me so far as that I shall be obliged to you."

"I shall be delighted," earnestly said Ben, who thought he had never seen a prettier or more attractive girl in all his life. "As that valise seems heavy from the way you carry it, suppose you let me have it and you take these lighter bundles."

"It is heavy," admitted the girl, and handed over the valise and took the bundles that Ben had picked up, and at that moment a heavily-built man of twenty-five, wearing a blue woolen shirt adorned with a flaming red tie around the soft collar and a little felt hat stuck defiantly on the back of his head, came rushing up to them.

"Hello, Winifred," he called out.

"Good afternoon," politely said the girl.

"Here, I'll help you," said the newcomer.

The girl shook her head.

"I don't need any more help, Jack," she said.

Now the familiar way in which the powerfully built man had addressed the girl gave the young New Yorker the idea that probably they were engaged or at least courting, and not desiring to make trouble between the young people he at once turned to them.

"Pardon me, young lady," he said, "but if this gentleman has a claim——"

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

WHO LICKED STAMPS FIRST?

A claim is put forward for one James Chalmers of Arbroath, Scotland, who submitted specimens of adhesive postage stamps to a committee of the House of Commons in 1834. Rowland Hill is also credited with the invention, having experimented with adhesives in 1837. As Rowland Hill directed the British postal arrangements for many years he was probably the first man to lick a stamp.

FIFTY YEARS WEDDED, WORKING IN A MILL

"We were sweethearts then, and we are sweethearts now," declared Charles Sweeney, No. 17 Winthrop street, Augusta, Me., in speaking of his wife, Elizabeth, the occasion being the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. The couple are among the veteran workers of the Edwards Manufacturing Company.

They were married fifty years ago at Suncook, N. H. Soon after the wedding they entered the mill and have been employed there since. One child was born to them, but died when young.

Mrs. Sweeney arises at 3:30 in the morning and her husband an hour later to be ready for work at 5 o'clock.

DEADLY NEEDLE DUST

In factories where needles are made the grindstones throw off great quantities of minute steel particles with which the air becomes heavily charged, although the dust is too fine to be perceptible to the eye. Breathing the dust shows no immediate effect, but gradually sets up irritation, usually ending in pulmonary consumption. Ineffective attempts were made to screen the air by gauze or linen guards for nose and mouth. At last the use of the magnet was suggested, and now masks of magnetized steel wire are worn by workmen and effectually remove the metal dust before the air is breathed.

HARDSHIPS OF 1812

George W. White, of Parkfield, Cal., now nearly 90, and crippled, served in the National Guard of California, September, 1862, to September, 1864, without pay. He then enlisted in Co. A, 8th California, and was discharged in 1866. His father and grandfather were in the War of 1812. The latter was taken prisoner by the English. He was put in prison at New Orleans and nearly starved. When his number was drawn he was to be taken out and shot at sunrise. That night he tied his clothes in a bundle and slid down through the toilet sewer into the bay. He then swam ashore, put on his wet clothes or rags and without shoes waded through swamp and brush with nothing but wild fruits and nuts to eat. He dodged the English and Indians—the Indians were hired by the English to bring in the American scalps for a bushel of corn each—and finally reached the American lines.

STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL

Stone Mountain in Georgia is the largest single stone in the world. It is a dome-shaped mass of granite in DeKalb County. Gutzon Borglum has been engaged to depict scenes of the Civil War on its northern face, which is a vertical cliff about 300 feet in height, the figures to be each 80 feet high. It will be the gift of the Daughters of the Confederacy to the survivors of the lost cause, and there will be about 1,000 figures in uniform, representing all branches of the service in the panorama. The rock rises at its highest point about 700 feet above the surrounding level, and it covers about two square miles, with an estimated visible bulk of about 7,500,000 cubic feet.

It is dark granite and a quarry has been made at the northeastern foot. On the north side, under the precipice, which is a natural sounding-board, some enterprising men have planned an amphitheater, where concerts are to be given frequently. There is now a trolley line which runs from Atlanta, bringing people from there and intermediate points to view the wonderful project of nature.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS

HOW TO MAKE A SIMPLE RADIO SET

The average amateur who likes to tinker with radios can easily make a set that will receive within a radius of thirty miles at a cost of \$3.50. When atmospheric conditions are just right the set to be described will bring in stations at a greater distance. For ordinary purposes a cheap crystal set will give as good results as the expensive lamp receivers, the only difference being that the crystal set is limited for distance, and does not produce quite so loud a sound. Nevertheless the crystal set reproduces the programmes it catches very clearly, distinctly and quite as well as the more expensive receiving sets.

For the simplest form of receiver you will require very few parts, and if you buy them ready-made in any of the Woolworth ten-cent stores, all you have to do is to assemble them. The writer made one, and living in Brooklyn, he very easily gets W. J. Z. in Newark with remarkable clearness. The cost of the set, including the aerial, was exactly as represented in the following list of parts:

1 baseboard, size 12x55x $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.....	\$.10
2 end boards, size 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., half inch thick20
4 screws for end boards.....	.10
1 cardboard tube 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x7 ins.....	.40
4 spools No. 22 enameled wire.....	.20
2 slide rods.....	.20
4 screws for slider rods.....	.10
2 sliders.....	.10
2 medium double binding posts.....	.10
2 small single binding posts.....	.10
1 bottle shellac.....	.10
1 fixed phone condenser.....	.10
2 small bolts and nuts about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long05
1 crystal galena detector.....	.10
1 crystal holder.....	.10
1 cat's-whisker10
1 composition base for cat's-whisker and crystal10
For the aerial you will need:	
100 feet copper wire.....	.40
4 insulators40
40 feet lead in insulated copper wire.....	.40
1 two-way switch.....	.25
Total	
Total	\$3.50

In order to assemble the set you proceed as follows:

Give the cardboard tube two good coats of shellac. When dry three spools of the No. 22 wire is wound on the tube. Commence one-quarter of an inch from one end of the tube by punching two holes through the cardboard, pass the end of the wire in one hole and out the other, then tie or twist it, so it cannot move. Then begin winding the spool of wire around and around the tube, keeping each turn close to its predecessor. It requires three spools to cover the tube up to one-quarter of an inch of the other end. You

will therefore have to solder the end of the wire of each spool to the beginning of the wire of the next spool until the three spools of wire are used up.

The finishing end of the wire is secured the same way the winding was begun, namely, through two more holes in the forward end of the tube. You must leave about 12 inches of wire at the end of the winding. You will need some extra small pieces to hook up the set on the baseboard, and for this purpose you will have the fourth spool. If you cannot get enameled wire cotton-covered wire will do as well.

When the coil is all wound give the wire two heavy coats of shellac to completely insulate it, for the enamel insulation on the wire gets nicked in spots, and the shellac covers these defects.

Next it becomes necessary to mount the coil in the two small square end pieces. This is easily done, as a circular groove is cut in each one 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Each end of the cardboard tube is coated with glue forced into the circular grooves in the wood and allowed to dry. Care must be taken that the edges of the tube, at the ends, do not turn back when you shove them into the grooves in the wood. The tube with end pieces attached is next mounted on the baseboard, which can be a piece of pine or white wood 12 inches long, 5 inches wide, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Set that end of the tube at which you began winding the wire at one end of the baseboard, flush with the edge and fasten it there with two thin one-inch screws driven up from under the base. Two more thin screws are put into the forward end board the same way, so that four screws now hold the coil to the baseboard. These screws should be counter-sunk to prevent the heads from scratching the table on which the radio stands when in use.

You next slip the sliders on the slider rods and lay one of the rods from front to back on top of the end boards exactly in the center. There are screw holes in each end to fasten the rods down. But before you put in the screws it is necessary to scrape off a narrow strip of the insulation from the wire wound on the tube. This bared strip runs from front to back and is about 3-16 of an inch wide and directly under where the slider travels. It can be carefully rubbed with fine sandpaper. This strip on the coil is to permit the roller under the slider to make contact with the copper wire of the coil. Make a neat, even job of it, and do not expose any more of the coil wire than is absolutely necessary in the width of the exposed strip.

Having applied the top slider bar, you next put the other bar at the side of the coil the same way one-quarter the distance from the top bar. Next bare another narrow strip of the coil its full length so the roller on the side slider can make contact with the bare wire.

You afterward mount the top small single binding posts on top of the baseboard near the edge, one an inch from the rear end block, and the other an inch from the forward end block. The

stand just under the side slider rod and are mounted by boring screw holes through the wood for the binding post screws.

Next you mount the condenser on the bare forward end of the baseboard, on the side opposite the two binding posts just alluded to. Lay the condenser on the board one end in front of the coil, half an inch from the edge, mark the spots where the screw-holes are, then drill two holes through the board. Lay the condenser holes over the holes you have bored, set the two double binding posts on top of them, and put the screws in upward from under the baseboard. The double binding posts now hold the condenser down flat. The crystal dictator and cat's-whisker are now assembled on the composition base, which is bought drilled for screws.

Two holes are drilled in the baseboard under the screw holes in the composition base, a couple of inches away from the condenser, on the same side, and near the edge. The crystal holder and cat's-whisker holder are now placed on the composition base and the small bolts fasten the whole thing to the baseboard. Countersink the nuts under the baseboard.

That's all there is to the receiver except the wiring, which is done as follows:

A piece of copper wire is fastened to the rear screw that holds down the top slider rod. Run this wire to the bottom of the rear binding post. This binding post is for the aerial. Do not let this wire touch the coil. A small tack on the end block will hold it at a safe distance. Next fasten the 12-inch end of the coil wire to the under part of the other post, near the front end block. This post is for your ground wire. Fasten another small wire to the screw under the ground wire post, and bring the other end of the wire to the screw under the nearest double binding post. The double posts are for the phones. Now get another piece of copper wire, fasten it to the screw under the second double binding post, and carry it over to the bolt holding the cat's-whisker and fasten it. One more short piece of wire is fastened to the forward screw of the side slide bar. You bring it down through a hole in the baseboard and carry it over to the bolt holding the crystal holder and fasten it there.

The receiver is now ready to work. But we must tell you how to erect your aerial before you can get any radiograms from the ether.

First cut your aerial wire into two fifty-foot lengths, and take the kinks out of it. Procure two pieces of wood, preferably cut from old broom handles, about three feet long. Drill holes through both two inches from the ends, to fasten a piece of clothes lines five feet in length. Drawn V-shaped, these ropes are used to hold the aerial up by means of hooks. Assuming you will use two fifty-foot lengths of the wire fasten two insulators to each stick, at the holes, with wire or strong twine. The two lengths of copper wire are then secured to the insulators.

As I had no means of putting my aerial on the peaked roof of my house I fastened one end of it to the backyard fence with a hook and carried the other end up to a window on the third floor and secured it to a hook just above the outside window casing.

Before doing so, the lead-in wire must be se-

cured to the aerial. This is made of any light-weight insulated wire. Three feet from the end the insulation is cut away and a three-foot length is bound and soldered to the lead-in. Each end of the fork is stripped of an inch of insulation and bound and soldered to each aerial wire. The two-way switch is screwed to the outside of the window casing near the bottom. The loose end of the lead-in wire is then bared and fastened to the lever screw, in the middle of the switch. A wire is secured to the upper screw of the switch and carried into the house through a porcelain insulator and fastened to the aerial binding post on the radio. A ground wire is fastened to the lower screw on the switch and led down to an iron drain pipe in the yard. One more insulated wire is fastened to the ground binding post on the radio, and the other bared end of it is fastened to the gas pipe.

The radio is now ready for action, and the method of using it is as follows: First move the arm of the switch into the upper position, which throws the aerial into connection with the radio. When you finish using the set throw the arm of the switch into the lower position, which grounds the aerial; the current will follow the ground wire to the drain pipe and lose itself in the earth.

Having connected the aerial with the radio, you fasten one or two head phones to the double binding posts. Next you move the two slider to a point from two to three inches of the forward end board.

By consulting a newspaper you can see at what hour the broadcasting is going on. With the top slider set you move the cat's-whisker point over the galena stone until you hear voices or music. If it is not distinct keep moving the top slider forward or backward until you find a spot where the tone is clearer. This done, you move the side slider until you find a spot where the sound is still more clear and distinct. These adjustments can be made so that the voices sound as loud in the phones as if a lecturer were in the same room with you. If you prefer a still louder sound, rustonite stones can be bought for fifty cents, and a gold cat's-whisker for 25 cents, and this combination, used instead of the galena stone and ordinary wire cat's-whisker, will give you the maximum of sound to be procured with a plain crystal set. There are new methods of amplifying the sounds in these sets which we will now explain.

Sometimes there is considerable interference between different broadcasting stations, and in order to get away from it, sharper tuning becomes absolutely necessary. To obtain sharper tuning a 23-plate variable condenser can be placed between the forward end of the coil wire and the ground wire. Short connecting wires will hitch this condenser into the circuit without disturbing your radio. When adjusting for signals, move the top slider toward the rear or aerial end of the coil, then adjust the knob of the condenser. You may have to vary the position of the slider and condenser knob a number of times until you get the loudest sounds.

In a future issue of these weeklies we may explain how you can build more complicated receivers and amplifiers for considerably less money than they cost when assembled and sold by radio manufacturers.

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

DISCOVER OLD INDIAN CAVE

An Indian cave hidden away many years from the white man's eyes was recently discovered on the estate of Valentine Hememan at Boothbay Harbor, Me. The cave extends 40 feet under the hillside and can only be reached by a sudden drop of 15 feet over the ledges. The walls are covered with Indian characters, centuries old, it is said. A tangle of grapevines concealed the entrance.

PEAT BOG FOUND IN BOSTON

The discovery of a large area of peat in this city, which could be used as fuel, was announced by Col. Thomas A. Sullivan, Chairman of the Municipal Fuel Committee.

Excavators digging for the new loop of the East Boston tunnel came upon the bog in the course of their work. Before the peat could be used as fuel it would have to undergo an extended drying process, Mr. Sullivan said. As no one appears to want it in its present condition, it is being dumped into the ocean.

EATS WAY OUT OF JAIL

Arthur States, thirty years old, living south of Ottawa, O., in Monroe Township, Allen County, has eaten his way out of jail. He had been sentenced to work out a fine of \$1,000 for liquor law violation.

States had been confined 160 days. During that time County Commissioners estimate that he ate \$90 worth of food at the county's expense and had worked out only \$60 of his \$1,000 fine. Whereupon, to save money for the county, the prisoner was paroled on condition that he pay \$7 a month until the remainder of the fine is paid.

GOLDEN GATE TO BE ON NEW 20-CENT STAMP

Postmaster General New approved an engraving taken from Coulter's oil painting of the Golden Gate at San Francisco as the subject for the new 20-cent stamp in lieu of a cut of Yose-

BOYS OF '76"

mite Falls, originally chosen for this denomination.

The difficulty of making a good engraving of Yosemite Falls, which would bring out details and do justice to the scene, made it necessary to abandon the Falls as the subject for the 20-cent stamp. After many selections Coulter's oil painting of the Golden Gate which was placed at the disposal of the department by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, which in turn obtained it from the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, was decided upon.

The color of the new stamp will be reddish pink or, in the language of the Bureau of Engraving stock room, "two dollar documentary red," in lieu of the blue color chosen for Yosemite. The engraving from the painting was made by Louis S. Schoffeld of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, who has engraved a number of the new stamps.

The Golden Gate stamp will be placed on sale at the Department Philatelic Agency in about two weeks.

LAUGHS

Elderly Spinster—You know, doctor, I'm always thinking that a man is following me. Do you think I suffer from hallucination? Doctor—Absolutely certain you do, ma'am.

First Convict—They say it took Milton 15 days to write one page of a book. Second Convict—That's nothing! I've been on one sentence six years, and I'm not through yet.

"When you proposed to me you said you were not worthy of me." "Well, what of that?" "Nothing; only I will say for you that, whatever else you were, you were no liar."

Callow Sportsman—You remember when you guided me five years ago, Jake? What caliber rifle was I using that year? Guide—I don't know, sir; the doctors ain't never dug out the bullet!

"Well, Harry," said the fair maid, "did popper ask you if you could support me in the style to which I am accustomed?" "No, dear; he merely informed me that he couldn't, and gave me his blessing."

Manager—Mr. Smith, of late your work has been perfunctory. Smith (eagerly interrupting) —Mr. Jones, I've been working here for three months now, and, though I have tried my best, that's the first bit of praise I have received since I've been here. Thank you!

A small boy who was sitting next to a very haughty lady in a crowded car kept sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the lady could bear it no longer, and turned to the lad. "Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded. The small boy looked at her for a few seconds, and then, in a dignified tone, came the answer: "Yes, I 'ave, but I don't lend it to strangers."

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

BEAVER BUILDS NEST IN BUSINESS CENTER

A mountain beaver building a nest in a wood pile beside a paved alley in the heart of the retail district, Tacoma, Wash., was trapped the other day. The incident is unusual because the nearest colonies known of these rodents are fully three miles from the spot. The animal had taken lodgings in the rear of a fruit stand and had been carrying discarded apples from the storeroom to its den. Mountain beavers generally inhabit over land where the young second growth furnishes them ample green food.

WATER FOR ROCK BLASTING

There has been more or less employed a hydraulic contrivance for blowing up rocks and reinforced concrete foundations that is based on the principle of the hydraulic press. By means of a pipe line pressure is transmitted to a cylinder 85 millimeters in diameter, in which are eight pistons that telescope, one within another. The cylinder is inserted in a hole drilled in the rock that is to be broken, and the pistons are driven home, one after another, by the water pressure. The machine has proved useful in mines and quarries where the use of explosives would be dangerous.

STONE-EATING ANIMALS

Stones are commonly found in the stomach of the crab-eating seal of the Antarctic Seas; and it is believed that they, with a certain amount of grit, are scooped up with the crustacea from the bottom of the sea. The emperor penguin, on the other hand, shows an instinctive craving for stones for gizzard-grinding purposes; for these stones must be assiduously sought, since these birds never rest upon dry land, but only upon ice. The fate of stones swallowed by birds is not easy to determine.

Another unexpected name in this list of stone-swallowing is that the Sesser Rorqual. This is a "baleen" whale, feeding upon minute crustacea and fish. From the peculiar method of feeding which is, so to speak forced upon this animal, it is unlikely that any portion of its food is scooped up from the sea-floor; hence the pebbles found in its stomach must be deliberately swallowed, and it is supposed, for the purposes of digestion, or, rather, of trituration. They are hardly likely to be derived from the fish which are engulfed, for these are mostly herring.

PERUVIAN POTTERY FOUND ON GRAVES

The American Museum of Natural History is cataloging and arranging a fine series of pottery vessels collected from prehistoric graves on the Peruvian coast. In this collection are beautiful forms of the potter's art. The patterns of these old Peruvian objects will serve silversmiths and others admirably in the designing of urns, vases, carafes, pitchers, card cases and other articles.

Aside from the beauty of their lines and their

decorative designs, the works of Peruvian potters are of great historical value. They most generally represented, in the forms of their vessels, objects familiar to them in their daily life, including their houses, dress and personal ornaments. They even made jars in the form of the human head with faces that were lifelike, undoubtedly intended as portraits. Many animals, vegetables and fruits were made to serve as models for these pottery vessels.

The old Spanish historians were not interested in the works of the Indians, and have given us little information of them, consequently we are indebted to the pottery forms found in their burial places for quite a large part of our knowledge of their daily life, what they wore and their general mode of living.

This interesting collection of early Peruvian workmanship, representing as it does the utilitarian in art, will prove of only small value to the student of early Indian artistic development.

BEETLES SWAP HEADS AND LIVE

Mr. E. G. Boulenger, who recently returned to London from a visit to the Biological Experimental Institute of Vienna, has told the Zoological Society about some amazing experiments which are being performed by Australian scientists.

Perhaps the most extraordinary, he said, are those in which heads of living insects are cut off and successfully transplanted onto the bodies of other insects. Mr. Boulenger stated that he had seen several aquaria in which were living hydrophilus beetles with the heads of dytiscus beetles and vice versa. He had also been shown aquaria with these beetles moving about on the surface of the water without heads at all. Such beetles, he was informed, moved about for three or four days, while those provided with new heads lived for over two months.

The beetles without heads differed from those with the transplanted heads in that when touched they moved by treading water—an obvious reflex action—instead of swimming actively about and diving under water as did those with the new heads. These results have been obtained by Mr. Walter Finkler, a young student.

The heads on being cut off were cemented onto the bodies with the exuding fluid. No suture is required. It appears that the insects so operated on are controlled by their new heads, and not by their bodies. A dytiscus beetle with the head of a hydrophilus beetle loses the characteristic yellow markings on the forepart of the body. Female beetles provided with male heads develop male instincts and court normal females. Males with new female heads cease courting and become passive.

Extraordinary experiments of which an account was given were those in which the living eye of an animal was grafted onto another blinded animal of the same species. Within a few days the blinded animal entirely recovered their lost eyesight. The animals successfully operated on were rats, fish and toads.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

HOTTEST SPOT ON EARTH

The hottest spot on earth is Furnace Creek ranch in Death alley, Eastern California, 337 feet below the sea level at its lowest point. Only one white man, Oscar Denton of San Diego, has ever survived more than two summers in this place. In the summer months the thermometer sometimes registers 160 degrees Fahrenheit. The surrounding hills are called the Furnace Mountains. Here is mined the world's greatest supply of commercial borax.

CARELESSNESS OF MISSOURI BANDITS

The robbers in Kansas City are getting rather careless. Hezekiah Dinwiddie tells of being held up and relieved of his watch and purse. The thief then compelled Hezekiah to exchange overcoats with him. On putting his hand in the pocket of the overcoat given him by the footpad Hezekiah says he found his own watch and purse and some one else's watch and purse. He says he pawned one of the watches, bought himself a new overcoat and came home \$162 to the good.

BUFFALO STEAK FOR THE MARKET

Before long our northwest lands unsuited to agriculture may maintain buffalo for food purposes. A western packer now has a herd of a thousand of these animals on 25,000 acres of wild-grass country between the Yakima and Columbia Rivers; they were brought by train from South Dakota, the price paid being \$300 to \$400 each. Every year a certain number will be slaughtered for the meat market, and the experiment will be watched with interest.

SNAKE IN STOVE BITES WOMAN

While in the yard at her home near Sugar Hollow, at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Western Albermarle, Va., one afternoon Mrs. Frank James came across a copperhead snake near the wall. She gave chase to the reptile, which made its escape. The next morning when Mrs. James opened the door of her cook stove the snake, which was hidden there, bit her twice. A physician was summoned and she is reported to be very ill from the effects of the poison.

THE INCREASING BEAVER

A bulletin recently issued by the Roosevelt Wild Life Forest Experiment Station of the New York State College of Forestry, at Syracuse University, gives the results of several weeks' intensive study and observation of beavers and their building arrangements in part of the Adirondack region.

It is stated that the busy animals, so nearly extinct ten or fifteen years ago, have increased so rapidly that the farmers are beginning to complain of them as nuisances, because of their damage to standing timber. While exact figures are not available, it is believed that in the territory mentioned there are not less than 8,000 beavers.

THIRTEEN WHALES BATTLE AGAINST ONE

An unusually large school of whales was sighted off Cape Hatteras by passengers on the steamship Fort Saint George of the Furness-Bermuda Line. Purser John Oliver estimated that there was at least fourteen whales in the school.

The biggest in the lot, according to Purser Oliver, appeared to be engaged in a terrific battle with all the rest of the whales. The 265 passengers on the ship watched the fight for about fifteen minutes, but before they passed out of view the water was seen to grow dark red as if with blood and the giant whale was apparently badly wounded.

SCHOOL'S ANTI-FACE POWDER RULE

Rules by school boards prohibiting girl students from using powder and paint are "just and reasonable," and should be enforced, the Arkansas Supreme Court held recently in its ruling on the "Knobel lipstick case."

Four of the five justices concurred in the decision, while Justice J. C. Hart dissented.

Wide prominence was given to the case, which originated when officials of the Knobel High School expelled Miss Pearl Pugsley because she insisted on using face powder.

The Clay Circuit Court refused a mandamus to compel the school officials to admit her to school, powder or no powder, but said the anti-powder rule was not just nor reasonable and could not be enforced. Miss Pugsley then applied to the Supreme Court.

The School Board at Knobel has discontinued the high school course and set aside the questioned rules, saying they were no longer necessary.

BULL TRAMPLES MOTHER AND BABIES

A bull ran wild the other day in the streets of Philadelphia, and dashing into a house attacked a woman and her two daughters. After leading a chase for almost two miles the beast dropped dead with sixteen pistol bullets in its head and body.

Mrs. Nellie Jeffries was trampled under the hoofs of the animal and received a blunt horn in her shoulder, but was not seriously injured. After overturning furniture and smashing crockery the bull headed into the back yard, where Mrs. Jeffries's six children were at play.

Too terrified to move, two little girls were struck and trodden upon. They received only minor bruises, however. The four children rolled from the hoofs of the beast and scrambled to safety.

The animal escaped from the stockyards at Thirty-first and Market streets. A policeman who tried to halt it was bowled over. After running from Mrs. Jeffries's home the bull turned into a coal yard, where it caught a negro and tossed him, unhurt, into a pile of coal. Another policeman killed the animal after emptying the contents of three revolvers.

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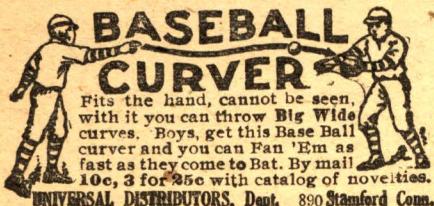
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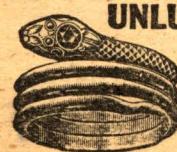
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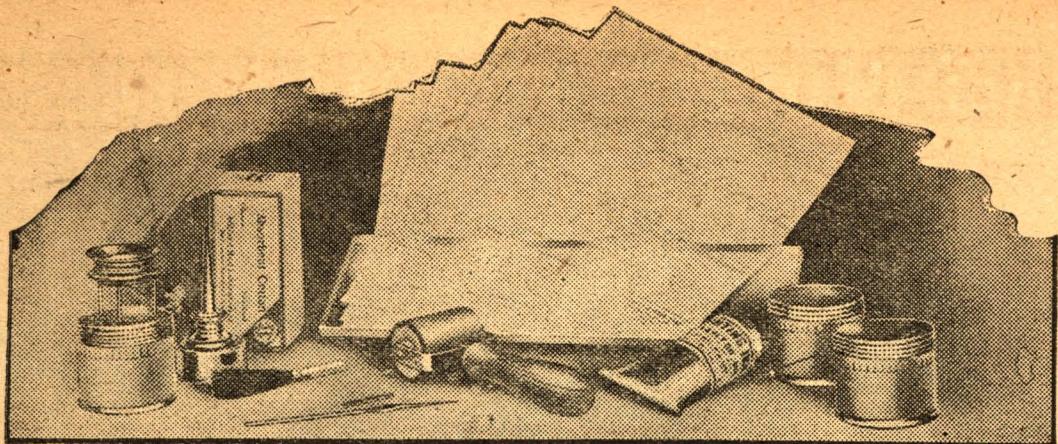
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